

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART X.

## AN APPEAL TO THE CATHOLIC LAITY ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE POOR.

THE kindness of my fellow-Catholics will, I feel confident, exonerate me from the charge of presumption, if I take the liberty of laying before them some remarks suggested by the urgent necessities of the times. If it had seemed likely that the subject to which I am anxious to call their attention would be taken up by any person more entitled to speak than I am, I should not have ventured to intrude myself on their notice. Time hastens on, however; changes are taking place amongst us with unexampled rapidity, and introducing every day fresh sources of difficulty; and the conviction that, now or never, something must be done, seems to be nearly universal among reflecting persons. Still, whatever our private thoughts and plans, and however unanimous we may be in our judgment of what is demanded, no one has yet (I believe) publicly called attention to one of those great crying evils which it really is in our power to remedy, or pointed out the latent resources which we already have within reach. In the absence, therefore, of an appeal from any individual whose character and position would necessarily command attention and respect, I cannot longer refrain from respectfully laying before my fellow-laymen a few suggestions on the present crisis in the affairs of our Catholic poor.

I have not, it is true, any thing that is new or unknown to offer to their observation. Perhaps, indeed, what I say will appear so obvious, that it will be thought quite needless to urge it on any person's attention. The facts of the day are of that character that few can have remained ignorant of their existence; and the practical plans which any Catholic would devise must necessarily be so nearly identical with what has been done a thousand times already, that the charm (or the fault) of novelty can never attach to them. It is, in fact, because

I am only putting into shape what has occurred to many other minds, that I presume on addressing those who may possess an amount of knowledge, experience, and wisdom, to which I can lay no possible claim. Considering that the Church is now eighteen centuries old, and has passed through modifications of human society as varied as they have been numerous, it may be taken almost as an axiom that we can do nothing that is really new, and at the same time prudent; and that our wisdom and ingenuity must lie in the simple adaptation of what is old to the exigencies of the present hour.

We cannot, then, conceal it from ourselves, that the spiritual and temporal necessities of our poor are such as far to exceed our present means, as hitherto organised, for meeting them. There is no need for mentioning in detail the various points in which we are in difficulties; for the fact is, we are beaten every where. It is not that we are unequal to the direct contest with the actual opponents of our religion, and the cruelest enemies of our poor; it is by circumstances that we are beaten. The events of the last few years have introduced a state of things which has taken us more or less unprepared; and notwithstanding the zeal of our clergy, the good feelings and liberality of our laity, the increase in our churches, the splendour of our services, and their adaptation to popular wants; notwithstanding the efforts made, in many instances with perfect success, for the education of the poor,—the fact stares us in the face, that the work still undone is overwhelming; and that unless some fresh and unexpected instrumentality is speedily called in to our aid, the mischiefs that must befall the masses of our humbler fellow-Catholics are such as we must shrink from contemplating.

Thus far I have but repeated what we may hear in every body's mouth who knows our condition, and possesses an ordinary share of Christian regard for his fellow-creatures. And the question instantly follows: "What *can* be done?" It is true that this question is usually asked in that tone of despondency which implies that we have nothing to do but fold our arms, sigh profoundly, and wait till something turns up in the chapter of accidents in our favour. Still, it cannot but be that there is *something* to be done; perhaps not vast, nor imposing, nor very rapid in its effects, but nevertheless a very genuine and practical work, requiring neither enthusiasm, nor elaborate organisation, nor (above all) money. I speak, of course, of the laity; for it is not my function to advise those who have a right to admonish me. Our clergy, however, have such an enormous amount of work, both present and prospective, before them, in the discharge of their ordinary and purely clerical



duties, that it is impossible to expect from them any thing more than an encouragement and supervision of those other works of charity which may be fulfilled by the laity. Already, in every extensive mission, their powers are taxed to the uttermost,—often, indeed, beyond their strength, and beyond the point to which any man's energies, bodily or mental, ought to be taxed.

But to our reproach it must be said, that a far different account is to be given of the efforts and sacrifices of us who are the laity, in the upper and middle classes of Catholic society. In saying this, I trust I shall not be understood as overlooking or undervaluing the pecuniary liberality which is so general amongst us, or the examples of patient devoted labour for the poor, which are undoubtedly to be met with in every part of the country. One must be blind indeed not to perceive how admirable is the spirit abroad among all ranks, or to refuse to recognise the devotion of large numbers of our body. If I do not specify particular instances, it is only lest in naming some cases I should seem to forget or cast a slur upon others which might not recur to the memory, or of which I might know nothing. With all this, however, it is undeniable that there are an immense number of the middle and upper classes who *do* little or nothing, whatever they may *give*, for the poor. Of these, many, no doubt, are prevented by personal circumstances from doing any thing. Want of health, leisure, or capacity, and the calls of business and family ties, not unfrequently paralyse the activity of those whose good-will is the warmest. Still, after every deduction on such scores as these, a large number of gentlemen and men of business remain, who are in every respect capable of taking a most profitable part in promoting the spiritual and general well-being of the poor of their respective neighbourhoods. Is not, then, the time come when it may fairly be expected from every such person that he make the *sacrifice* which is needed by the times? I cannot but hope that nothing is wanted to call forth all these latent resources into action, except the proposition of some definite, practicable, and undoubtedly useful object for our energies; and, difficult as it may be to suggest any thing which is at once desirable and feasible, I am convinced that one work, at least, may be undertaken with the happiest promise of success.

In order to determine what is thus feasible and desirable, a glance at the circumstances of the day, and a fair estimate of what may be reasonably expected from a zealous layman, will be sufficient. Now, of all the wants of the poor, I suppose we may take it for granted that the most pressing is that of in-

struction,—I mean, of course, of those wants which need a systematic and general assistance on the part of others. Other wants they have undoubtedly, often of the most urgent and overwhelming kind; but these are for the most part either confined to special localities, or varying in their pressure, or such as require a large expenditure of money. Every other want, however, is more or less created or aggravated by that destitution of the means of religious and secular instruction which is pre-eminently the character of our times; while the very existence of the Catholic poor, as Catholics, almost depends on a rapid and universal extension of the means of education in every large mission in the kingdom.

To the increase in regular schools the attention of the Catholic body has for some time past been drawn by our bishops; the Poor-School Committee has for some time past earnestly laboured in the same cause, and strenuous endeavours are now being made to add to its funds and increase its influence. But with regular daily schools the laity, as a class, cannot have much to do, except in the way of contributing to their support. They must be conducted by paid masters and mistresses, or by professed religious, and by such alone. Supposing, however, that our daily schools were increased to a very large extent, both in number and efficiency, there yet remain immense numbers of our poor whom day-schools can never reach. These are on the whole of three classes: children who are occupied all day long during the week, but have some leisure in the evening; children whose only leisure is on Sundays; and that innumerable and utterly neglected class, our whole poor Catholic population between the age when they leave school and the time when they marry. For this last class,—that is, for all our poor, in the most critical period of life,—at present we do nothing in the way of education. Those only who *know* the poor, both in this country and abroad, can tell the enormous mischief which follows from the want of a continuance of the guidance and instruction of childhood during the years between childhood and maturity.

Yet I appeal to the experience of every reflecting man and woman as to the consequences which must result from such a neglect. What should *we* be if we were thrown upon the world, untaught and uncontrolled, at that very age when all the passions of our hearts were breaking forth in new fierceness, and when, more than at any other stage in our life, we had need of that enlightenment and instruction, without which our enemies would make us an easy prey? Who, I say, that has children of his own, could contemplate without alarm and horror the idea of their being suddenly emancipated from all

the discipline of childhood at the age of fourteen or fifteen? And if we view such a prospect with dread for our own children, how can we wonder that the worst results incessantly flow from the action of similar influences on the children of the poor?

For they, we must remember, are comparatively independent of *all* control, when they are cast out into the wide desert of human life to get their bread by the sweat of their brow. Our children have all the restraints and the enjoyments of a home, to discipline and soothe them against the incursion of temptations and the waywardness of folly and passion. But what is the home, the fireside, the parental tutelage which the fathers and mothers of the poor can afford to *their* offspring? The world is their parent,—the cold, cruel, hard, ensnaring, deceiving world. We provide them fewer advantages in the way of schools than we desire for our own children, while they need far more of such aids. Can we wonder, then, at the blight which so often destroys the fairest promises of childhood? Can we be at fault for the cause of the contrast sometimes presented between our schools, and the young women, and still more the young men, of our congregations?

Now, varied and difficult of accomplishment as must be many of the means by which these evils may be remedied, it appears to me that whatever be our ultimate machinery, the *first* step is clear. We must employ the opportunity given us by the Sunday leisure for extending and carrying on the good work done in daily schools. Much, indeed, may be done by evening schools, classes, lectures, and institutes; but all these are to a great extent dependent upon those money resources which are beyond our present purpose. They require paid masters and mistresses, or a paid staff of assistants; and if left to be kept up by the voluntary help of this person and that person, as chance may direct, must inevitably fall to the ground.

For it is impossible to calculate upon the continued daily work of any but paid teachers for any length of time. However earnest the zeal of the laity of the better classes in any city or village, as a rule it is totally out of their power to do *much* during the week. The physical and mental system is so much taxed by the demands of daily life, that not one person in twenty is really capable of any thing more than occasional additional labour when the day's work is over. Valuable, therefore, as is the aid that voluntary instructors may give from time to time, it seems to me that it is essential that any system which hopes to be at once permanent and general shall confine itself to Sundays, as a matter of obligation. No man



can do well what is really above his strength, whether physical, moral, or intellectual; or rather, he can do nothing well which is not perfectly *within* his strength. The best intentions, or the most willing self-sacrifice, is certain to end in a gradual diminution of interest and action, and ultimately to die away into nothing, if it is not guided by that prudent calculation which will attempt nothing beyond a man's powers. Many and many are the Catholic schemes which have failed, because we have mistaken zeal for capacity, and benevolent feelings for practical power. It appears to me, accordingly, that if the energies of the Catholic laity are to be called forth in any general work of self-denial, the first condition of a satisfactory plan will be that it imposes no severe tax upon their leisure during the week.

Again, it cannot be doubted, that no week-day evening schools can reach an immense number of our poor. I do not mean that some *temporary* influence might not be produced by novelty and excitement on nearly all whom we could bring within the reach of night-schools, lectures, and the like. A temporary influence, however, is worth little at the best, and the reaction which it produces frequently nullifies all the good it may have done. If we want to reach our poor, and to keep them, we must seek them when they are not exhausted with the fatigues and cares of the day. Many, no doubt, as experience has shown, *can* be reached and kept together, and most beneficially taught, at night-schools; but after all, an innumerable host of boys, girls, young men and young women, have no real leisure and no hearty spirit for being taught except on Sundays.

There exists, also, another reason, as it seems to me, of vast weight, which points to the importance of our looking to Sunday teaching as the great lever which we have now to move. It is this, that our poor have no innocent Sunday recreations; and that in the present condition of our social state, there does not appear any possibility of recurring to a healthier state of things. Most deeply as this fact is to be lamented, it would be the worst of folly to content ourselves with lamenting it, instead of endeavouring to make use of it in some practical way for the positive benefit of the poor. We never can create circumstances; and the wise man is he who can take circumstances as he finds them, and bend them to his own ends. Why, then, do we overlook the one only means which we do possess for converting the poor man's loss into his gain? Why do we forget that the immense mass of our children and youths must be *somewhere*, and employed *in some way*, on Sundays? Why do we drive them to idleness, and all the vices of which it is the prolific mother? Why do we content ourselves with pic-

turing to our imaginations the poor man's "home" after the pattern of our own comfortable firesides, or dream of some perpetual round of devout exercises filling up the intervals of his attendance at Mass or Vespers, and converting his Sunday life into a kind of monastic paradisiacal blessedness? There is but one alternative; if we do not get together the children and youth of the poor, and teach them *something* on Sundays, the devil will make more havoc with them on that day than in all the rest of the week together. Whatever the Lord's day may be to Christians, we may be well assured that it is not a day of *rest* to the untiring enemy of our souls.

The work, then, which I now venture to suggest to my fellow-Catholics in the higher and middle classes of the laity, is, that every man who has leisure and health should place himself at the disposal of the clergy of the mission where he lives for some fixed space of time on Sundays, to be employed in the instruction of the poor. If occupation cannot be found for them under their own parochial clergy—as there must in some missions be a superabundance of capable teachers,—there will be few places where a neighbouring priest will not be too happy to have their assistance transferred to himself. Were it only the space of one hour from each person thus rendered certainly available for the work of teaching, the additional machinery brought to bear upon our poor would be incalculable in its benefit. No doubt the work done must vary extremely in different missions, according to the habits of the people and the ages of the pupils taught. The hours of the day when such services would be most profitable would also vary with the circumstances of each place and the season of the year. As a rule, however, it may be considered that the *chief* work in Sunday-schools is to be done in the afternoon. The habits of the English working-classes lead them to prefer the evening to the afternoon for religious services; while they are more disposed for schools on Sunday afternoons than on Sunday evenings. Besides this, it is far more difficult for the class to whom I appeal as teachers, to give up their evenings than their afternoons to a school of any kind; while it is almost impossible to find any innocent or healthy mode of spending an entire Sunday evening for the poor, except by inducing them to come to church and enjoy services particularly adapted to their tastes and capacities. While, therefore, a very large addition to our Sunday teachers is called for, even in the forenoons, it will be for the most part between the hours of two and five that *the work* that now lies untouched must be done.

That the necessary Sunday instruction should be imparted by the ordinary staff of week-day teachers, is simply impos-

sible. We want three times, or even five or ten times as many teachers on Sundays as on week-days. Moreover, teachers want rest as well as scholars; and I entertain no doubt that our daily schools would gain prodigiously in efficacy if their masters and mistresses were relieved from all, or nearly all, the labour that is now thrown on their hands on that day which is no day of rest to them. And further, if the laity were once heart and soul to devote themselves to this task, the clergy would often have at command the acquirements and abilities of a class of men and women superior to those of average schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, who would be eminently qualified both to attract and instruct that particular class for whom nothing is now done,—namely, our young men and young women. In fact, the work has but to be begun and carried on in good earnest, to develop itself in many directions, and to exert an influence, both on teachers and taught, of the most beneficial nature possible. All we want is, that there shall be no mistake about the spirit in which the undertaking is commenced, and that those who take part in it be prepared for something better than child's play.

For there is no doubt that, to a large number of those to whom I appeal, the devoting even of one solitary hour every Sunday to school teaching would be by no means an agreeable duty. These things are very different in reality from what they appear when contemplated under a poetic, a philanthropic, or a picturesque aspect. There is probably no one Christian duty to which the saying, that "distance lends enchantment to the view," is more applicable than the education of the poor. To persons accustomed to all the luxuries and comforts of modern civilisation, and acquainted only with the theory of education, or with the instruction of little ladies and gentlemen, the work we now have before us must often prove most unattractive, and even positively repulsive. A stronger contrast than between the beauties and delights of a Catholic function and the physical and moral difficulties of a Catholic poor-school in London or Liverpool, can scarcely be imagined. For rich and flowing vestments we have rags and dirt; for the sweet odours of incense foul smells and an intolerable atmosphere; for the exquisite refinement of our church-offices the dull routine of reiterated repetitions of elementary knowledge; with altogether that whole combination of disagreeables, which is so annoying to persons of delicate sensibilities, that nothing but an unquestionable spirit of self-denial will make it endurable. Nevertheless, when the alternative is the misery and loss of these innumerable children, it does not seem a very great sacrifice to ask of those who are themselves in possession



of the most inestimable gift which man can enjoy, bestowed upon them without any merits of their own.

To those, in particular, who, like myself, are converts to the Catholic faith, I would venture to repeat a reflection which must have often occurred to many of us, but which may, nevertheless, be far from out of place here. Those who, like ourselves, have passed from the frigid formalities of the public worship of Protestantism to the participation in those exquisite services which the Catholic Church provides for her children, are naturally in some danger of giving themselves up to the unbounded enjoyment of these advantages rather in the spirit of a luxurious gratification than of a purely Christian devotion. The difference between Anglican prayers and sermons, even taken at the best, and a Catholic High Mass, Vespers, and Benediction, is so extraordinary, and the general contrast between a Protestant and a Catholic Sunday is so striking, that we may be pardoned if we sometimes fancy that we have now nothing to do but enjoy ourselves, and to pity our poor Protestant friends for the blindness which still condemns them to the depressing rigours of non-Catholic devotions. Yet surely this is a weakness, against which we ought to set our faces the moment we detect its existence in our minds. After all, we did not become Catholics in order to enjoy ourselves to our heart's content for one day in every week. Keen as is the gratification, and precious the graces to be obtained from devoutly assisting at the functions of the Church, the necessities of our time require from us that we should remember that while *we* are feeding upon the feast to the utmost extent we can desire, myriads are without, starving and dying in destitution and ignorance of those truths which a mysterious grace has opened our eyes to see. Situated as affairs now are, I cannot but think that by far the most acceptable offering we can make in return for our calling into the Church, would be the distinct, willing, and habitual sacrifice of something we enjoy for the sake of the poor who were in the fold before we came. Are we not too much accustomed to acquiesce in the peculiarly comfortable notion that hard work is the duty of priests, monks, and nuns alone; and that we, the laity, having no vocation to the priesthood or the cloister, have a special vocation to enjoy ourselves to the utmost limit short of absolute sin? Undoubtedly there exist among us, often little known, many whose devotion to the cause of the poor transcends all praise. But these are the exceptions. Must we not admit that, taking our higher and middle classes as a body, we act on the theory that the clergy and religious —(schoolmasters also, of course, who get their living by it)—

are to do all and suffer all that is laborious, while we content ourselves with handing over to them what money we like to give, and then plume ourselves upon being model Catholics, such as any section of the Church might profitably emulate?

It would be a further advantage for the setting on foot a movement for the development of Sunday-school teaching, that our established paid schools would indirectly but immediately benefit thereby. At this moment, the Poor-School Committee, with every one who is anxious for the poor, is crying out for enlarged money resources. It seems impossible to arouse us, as a body, to a sense of our necessities and our responsibilities. Now, if the laity were generally to bestir themselves to take a personal and regular part, however small, in the instruction of the poor, their interest would instantly increase on the whole question of education of every kind. Throughout the whole kingdom, as well as in their own neighbourhood, at present the chief interest we take is in churches and their decorations, and in the splendour of our functions, because we personally participate in gains of this kind. If in like manner we shared in the teaching of the poor, and acquired that real knowledge of them which personal intercourse alone can give, our zeal for their education and well-being would at least equal our zeal for church-building, and their condition would speedily assume a new aspect. The unsatisfactory subscription-list of the Poor-School Committee would soon be doubled, and there is not a struggling priest in the country who would not find a gradual but decided augmentation in the means at his disposal.

Such, then, appears to me to be the first step we ought to take towards mastering the difficulties of the time. At first sight it may seem a small thing to propose; small both as an effort and in its results. But that its ultimate results would ramify in all directions, and do for us what no influx of mere money could possibly accomplish, I do not think will be doubted by any person who knows what human nature is, both in rich and poor.

Without intruding, moreover, into the province of our ecclesiastical superiors, I may be permitted to call attention to what is laid down for our guidance in the decrees of the Provincial Synod of Oscott, as distinctly expressing the wishes of our bishops on this most momentous question.\* We have, further, an historical opinion and example of the greatest

\* "Quidquid ad pietatem fovendam aptum est, inter suos instituat; scholas feriales, et Dominicales, necnon serotinas seu nocturnas nuncupatas aperiat; confraternitatem doctrinæ Christianæ fundet, cujus socii hisce scholis assistant."  
—*Conc. Prov. Synod. Oscott. c. 25, sec. 9.*

possible weight, in favour of the multiplication of Sunday-schools at a period of trouble and transition. The history of Christianity presents no name of higher authority in all things relating to the rule and discipline of the Church than that of St. Charles Borromeo. His lot was cast in a day of agitation, declension, and reform; and the various means he took for the advancement of religion in all who were under his care, form one of the most profitable studies which can occupy our attention in a day like this. The Church was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with Protestantism, and with the errors and sins of her own children. And it may be said without exaggeration, that of the many devoted and successful instruments whom she employed in her work, no individual can be named who singly accomplished so much as this great saint. Now, among the means St. Charles adopted for the reformation of the people, one of the most prominent and efficacious was the employment of a multitude of teachers in Sunday-schools. The effect of the system he adopted was most striking, and it is said that the results are not obliterated to this day. So extensively was it carried out, that his biographer states that he had *three thousand and forty* teachers employed, and above *forty thousand* children thus instructed in the elements of Christian faith and practice. These proportions allow an average of about thirteen children to a teacher, which is just about the number that can be conveniently and efficiently instructed in a single class. These all were in the diocese of Milan. How many such voluntary Catholic teachers of the poor are there employed at the present time in this kingdom? I say voluntary *Catholic* teachers; for there is no doubt that there are far more voluntary *Protestant* teachers of our *Catholic* poor, engaged in destroying their faith, than many of us have the least idea of.

In carrying out the work I have proposed with universality and effect, the first question which will naturally suggest itself will be as to the advisableness of promoting its execution by some species of union among those who would cordially co-operate towards the same end. In Lancashire a large number of teachers have been long at work in our Sunday-schools, to the great advantage of the poor. In some other places also a beginning has been made, more or less with united energies; and it will occur to most of us to consider whether any such movement would not be largely promoted by a general organisation of those who took part in it throughout the whole country. We have an example of what might be effected in this way by the system of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul; and in the successes of that noble association, and



also in the occasional failures of some of its branches, we have abundant matter both to guide and to warn those who would see its working imitated in some degree for the education of the poor. May I hope that I shall not be considered presumptuous, if I attempt to state what appear to me the essential elements of success in any such associations?

Two things, then, seem necessary to its well-being; first, the admittance of no members but those who are prepared for *bonâ fide* work; and secondly, a practical, but not a showy, organisation. I do not specify a complete subordination to the clergy, as a condition of its well-being; for without such subordination no such an association ought to exist at all. On the first of these two requisites, we have most of us seen enough of the failures of confraternities and societies through the admission of enthusiastic, but not stedfast, members, to be able to form a pretty sound judgment as to the course to be adopted. Nothing is easier than to "get up" a grand, loudly-promising, and hearty commencement of any association, and nothing is so hard as to keep its members up to a lasting working efficiency. We are all of us subject to whims, caprices, and temporary emotions, in benevolent and religious enterprises as well as in the commonest offices of life. Whenever any good plan, therefore, is proposed among us, there are crowds of persons ready, as the saying is, to "come forward" and uphold it, and to engage, in all sincerity, to effect wonderful things in a wonderfully short space of time. But when obstacles arise, in our own minds, in our coadjutors, or in circumstances;—when the novelty is gone off, and little seems to come of our efforts, and new objects awaken our sensibilities, then a very different story has to be told; numbers fall away, and those who remain are kept together rather by the force of habit, and the shame of giving up what they so eagerly sought for, than by a fixed determination to do their utmost in sunshine and in storm. If, therefore, we are now to do any thing for the poor, we must have none but those who are prepared to put themselves to some little, perhaps to some considerable inconvenience, and who will work on from week to week and year to year, knowing that whether results follow rapidly or not, they must follow in the end.

In the second place, any such association must be organised, not on the committee system, but on the system of the Catholic Church, of religious orders, of the army and navy, and of every society which has practically worked well among mankind. The proverb that "two heads are better than one" is admirably true, so far as taking counsel goes; but it is ruinous if applied to action, unless in certain rare and exceptional

cases. King Solomon said that "there shall be safety where there are many counsels;" but he never said "where there are many governors." In accordance, then, with the experience of all history, our system should be such as to place the executive in the hands of individuals, and not of committees; each local branch of the society being directed by one person, resident in the place, with the advice of a council; and the various local branches should be united in one general association, under the presidentship of some one person, not himself the president of any of the local associations, but assisted by a council for general purposes. On the capacity and zeal of these presidents, and especially on that of the general president, the extension and permanent success of the society would, in my judgment, *entirely depend*.

For I do not think that any such movement, even in the hands of hard-working persons alone, has merely to be set going, in order to be of general efficiency. It must be kept up, controlled, guided, and extended, by the infusion of a certain *spirit* in all its promoters, which we cannot expect to find existing universally ready to our hands, but which it ought to be the business of the executive of such a society to propagate by every means in its power. Communications of information, opinion, and experience, ought to pass throughout the entire body; and generally, that whole machinery must be erected by which a large number of persons, scattered in different places, but engaged on one common object, may be able to act with prudence, energy, perseverance, and unity. And unless *individuals* are found to be responsible to others and to their own consciences for the carrying out the executive functions of such a society, the whole affair would dwindle away into a dull, inert formality. What is many persons' business, we know very well is nobody's business. But if one man alone is responsible, and all eyes are turned to him, it may be reasonably expected that he will do his duty, so far as his capacity allows. I conceive, therefore, that the only way by which a general association of lay Catholics could be made really useful for the purpose in question, would be to make it the duty of a local president in each town or district to see to the carrying out of the local objects of the association, and to commit to one general president the duty of carrying out its general purposes; each, as I have said, with his proper council of advisers. Such, with some variation, is the constitution of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul; which serves us at once as an example to imitate, and as a proof of the importance of placing the various presidentships in thoroughly competent hands. If men can be

found capable of comprehending the duties of their position, and of infusing into those around them that spirit which alone can give vitality to any such society, the work may be done. But incompetent colonels would ruin the regiments one by one, and an incompetent commander-in-chief would ruin the whole army.

How soon any such general organisation may be practicable in our present condition, is a question on which I do not venture an opinion. At the same time, I should imagine that there can be no doubt that the beginning of any such organisation must be more or less local, either purely parochial or including the various districts of a large town, as circumstances may point out. It is to the erection of a few such associations, acting in harmony with each other, that we must look, as supplying the foundation for some more general society.

I have now only to add, that the foregoing suggestions have been laid before his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, and the rest of the English hierarchy, and have received their unanimous approval. Their lordships the Bishops have warmly encouraged me to lay it before the Catholic public, and expressed an anxious desire to see it responded to. I had thought of delaying its publication till I should have been able to give the names of various influential persons who are actually engaged in promoting the work of Sunday-school teaching, and with whom I have communicated in private. I am advised, however, on high authority, not to delay longer the publication of the present remarks, the subject being one of such pressing importance. The Bishop of Birmingham has further authorised me to say, that he is actively engaged in promoting the formation of organisations for the instruction of the poor in his diocese.

With these concluding suggestions, I venture to lay the above remarks before the Catholic laity of this country, once more expressing my earnest hope that they will acquit me of all presumption in thus coming forward with my private opinions, without any claim to their attention but such as every man possesses who is conscious of his responsibilities to his fellow-creatures who are in need.

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## Reviews.

### OLIVER CROMWELL.

*History of the English Commonwealth, from the Execution of Charles I. to the Death of Cromwell.* By M. Guizot. Translated by Andrew M. Scoble. In two volumes. Bentley, London.

PURITANISM is that form of religious delusion which clothes the spiritual pride of its intentioners in the most grotesque assumption of scriptural phraseology. It makes hideous faces at the world, the flesh, and the devil, remaining all the while by no means on bad terms with any one of them; but it stipulates with all three that its ordinary language must always seem to be that of vernacular inspiration. Its visage is long, and its looks are sour. By its ordinary admirers little is seen but the whites of its eyes; nor would common spectators imagine, if history had not spoken, that those hands, folded so meekly on its bosom, could wield the sword of the soldier or the sceptre of sovereignty. Owen, Baxter, Howe, Flavel, and Manton, were its pundits and prophets, so far as pen and paper, prayer, doctrine, and preaching, were concerned; yet to have a living personification before us of what the system really was,—of what it professed to do, and what it actually perpetrated, it will be necessary to study with closeness and care the subject of these pages. Oliver Cromwell may teach us many lessons. His lot was cast in extraordinary times. An ecclesiastical revolt from the Holy See, such as the world had never witnessed since the days of Arius and his imitators, had convulsed Europe and desolated the Church. On the continent the tide of error had begun to retire; in England it was otherwise. Her crown had pushed aside the tiara; whereby Erastianism, selfishness, and absolute power had triumphed. The people had lost the liberties upon which they once lived and revelled, as derived traditionally from their Saxon forefathers. Henry VIII. had trampled them under his feet with the same ruthlessness which he manifested in the decapitation of his wives: nor were the Stuarts better than the Tudors; except that their follies and absurdities might be considered less formidable than the occasional abilities of their predecessors.

Elizabeth was still on the throne when Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, in a large Gothic house, to which the brewery of his father was attached, on the 25th of April,

in A.D. 1599. Robert Cromwell, a gentleman of good lineage but narrow fortune, had purchased the property of one Philip Clamp, whose fermentation of malt and hops had established a creditable business on the premises,—far too profitable an affair to be sneezed at by the new-comer, although his wife, a sensible lady, originally named Steward, the widow of William Lynne, and rejoicing in a jointure of 60*l.* per annum, claimed her descent from the royal family of Scotland. This highly respectable couple had three sons, of whom Oliver was the second, and the only survivor growing up to manhood. There were also six daughters, who lived to be well married; besides another, carried to her grave in early life. The mother could have been no ordinary woman, as was shown by her entire conduct through life, manifesting as it did a combination of simple tastes with great energy of mind. A portrait of her may still be seen at Hinchinbrook, with a small and sweet mouth, betokening not less firmness than gentleness of character; the light pretty hair over her forehead is modestly enveloped in a white satin hood; she wears a velvet cardinal, with a rich jewel clasping it. Her brother-in-law, Sir Oliver Cromwell, stood godfather to the future Protector, on the fourth day after his birth; holding the child at the baptismal font, and giving him his own name. Alison has not failed to remark, that Napoleon was brought into the world upon a sofa covered with tapestry representing the Iliad of Homer: about as sagacious a nonjuror, who subsequently bought and inhabited the house of the Cromwells at Huntingdon, used to point out a curious figure of the devil wrought in the hangings of the bed-chamber in which the conqueror of Dunbar and Worcester first gladdened the hearts of his parents. They had soon some trouble with him. Without noticing the legends of his being carried off by a monkey, and saved from drowning by the worthy curate of Cunnington, it is certain that his early tastes were for the excitements attending personal peril, and that his temper was wayward and violent. He was eighth or ninth cousin once removed on the maternal side to his rival Charles I.; and when only five years old is said to have had the honour of being a playmate with that prince, and in some boyish quarrel inflicting on him a bloody nose. There was a royal palace in the neighbourhood, to which, no doubt, on one of the progresses of the court, Sir Oliver Cromwell had taken his nephew in right of the distant relationship. What King James said to this premature onslaught on a son of the Lord's anointed we are not informed; but Forster observes, as well as Guizot, that for an instant "the curtain of the future was uplifted here."

Robert Cromwell transferred his hopeful progeny to the care of one Doctor Beard, who kept the free grammar-school of the town, and flogged his pupils after the most approved fashion of Solomon and Dr. Busby. But Oliver had the loosest notions of what constituted the rights of property with regard to fruit and poultry, pippins and pigeons. The fear of the rod never restrained him from any nocturnal raid upon the dovecots and orchards of his neighbours. He came to be called the "apple-dragon" of the district, in which he was devoted to practical jokes and unseemly frolics. His inclinations at this period present a singular contrast of what may be described as nastiness mingled with the sublime. Puritanism must have relished and fostered the strange combination; so that we may smile at, rather than admire, the magniloquence of Milton, when, in apologising for the coarseness of his patron, he assures us that the genius of such a hero was as much above refinement as it was superior to ordinances; "that it did not become a right hand to be wrapped in down amongst the nocturnal birds of Athens, by which thunderbolts were to be hurled thereafter at the eagles which emulate the sun." That there were extraordinary movements and presentiments in his mind during the hey-day of youth may be well imagined. He had laid himself down on one occasion to sleep, when the curtains of his bed were withdrawn by a gigantic female figure, which, gazing at him silently for a while, informed him that before his death he should be the greatest man in England. He remembered, when he told the story, that the apparition made no mention of the word king. His father seems to have received so marvellous a narration very much as Jacob the patriarch listened to the visions of his son Joseph; with remonstrance at least, as well as interest, since he wrote to the pedagogue, requesting that his ambitious and dreaming scholar might be soundly whipped for his presumption, which was done accordingly. Flagellation only strengthened his impressions; for he carried them to his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward. The latter, however, merely repaid his confidence with loyal and suitable assertions that "it was traitorous to entertain such thoughts."

From the hands of Dr. Beard, Oliver Cromwell passed at seventeen to the University of Cambridge, where he was entered at Sidney-Sussex College as a fellow-commoner. He had picked up a respectable stock of Latin, yet preferred his sports to his books. But in June, A.D. 1617, his father died. His good mother found herself still obliged to carry on the brewery, in an age, happily for her business, guiltless of the follies of teetotalism. Her son, instead of helping to work the domestic oar, betook himself to the easier task of assisting to



sink the family. Abhorring the protracted sermons and dismal practices of the godly people at Huntingdon, he degenerated into a rake of the first water. Few roysterers were a match for him at the boisterous game of quarter-staff. The tinker, or the pedlar, or the cow-doctor of the parish, had an equal welcome to a black eye or a broken skull,—whichever the young spark might happen to inflict, and afterwards heal with deep potations of the maternal ale. What could the poor widow do, in the loneliness of her heart, and with her six young and comely daughters, but apply to those apostles of hypocrisy, who boldly shook the pulpits of their conventicles and the purses of their disciples with weekly hurricanes of faith without works, and the impossibility of falling away from grace? They counselled her to transfer the gay prodigal to London, where he might enter at an inn of court, and apply himself to the study of the law. The fact probably was, that his debaucheries, both as to wine and women, had gone to such a height at Huntingdon, that the credit of the brewery was at stake, to say nothing of the glimmering hope that a change of scene might break off certain inconvenient and dissolute connections, which, so long as they lasted, rendered even external reformation altogether out of the question.

If the Puritans ever slept at all over money-matters, it was with one eye open. Oliver had not mended his manners or morals in the metropolis, as a nominal student in Lincoln's Inn, where, the remainder of his patrimony having been wasted, he attempted to raise further ways and means by drawing upon the indulgent liberality of his uncle Steward. With his godfather at Hinchinbrook he had long quarrelled; but Sir Thomas Steward appears for a time to have bled more freely; at length, however, even this eccentric worthy buttoned up his pockets, and would yield no more. The nephew thereupon immediately applied for a commission of lunacy against his relative and benefactor, whose habits were rather peculiar, although by no means such as to warrant the ground taken up by his ungrateful and ungracious favourite, that he was incapable of managing his own affairs. King Charles refused the application, and is admitted by the admirers of Cromwell to have acted justly in so doing. Soon after reaching his majority, Oliver married an admirable wife in the person of Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, of Halsted in Essex, a kinswoman of the Hampdens. With such plain good sense as to be perfectly contented with a humble station, she had spirit and dignity sufficient for the loftiest. Her felicitous influence assuaged the passions of her husband, lifted him up out of the mire of his profligate courses, and reconciled

him to his family ; his house became notorious as a refuge for persecuted Nonconformists and their pastors. Here he practised his first lessons in yoking fanaticism and hypocrisy to the fiery chariot of ambition. Every religious grievance was listened to and brooded over, until it was hatched into some magic talisman for influencing the minds of men. Discourses on knotty texts of Scripture protracted to almost interminable dimensions ; details of spiritual experiences, seasoned with such unction and fervour as Bunyan might have conceived or Quarle envied, alternated with the agitations of confession, effusions of tears, and the more substantial relief of hot suppers, sack-possets, and warm nightcaps. The home of the future hero was heated into a religious furnace, in which was forged many a weapon of genius and puritanical power, before which, in after times, his enemies fled from the field of conflict, and his friends bowed down their faces to the ground in respectful or reluctant homage. There was even then no resisting the prowess with which the apparently repentant profligate wrestled in prayer, or unveiled in the mystic pages of prophecy an apocalypse of the New Jerusalem. His eyes were perfect sponges, fountains of pious waters flowing at command, edifying beyond expression the ministers, women, and servants kneeling in amazement around, and weeping themselves into correspondent floods, either in their sincerity or through mere force of sympathy. Such enthusiasm, in ascending to higher and still higher degrees of heat, no doubt produced some temporary state of external purity and improvement. The clouds of smoke generated and developed occasional flames. We find more than one instance of full and fair compensation being rendered by Cromwell to the uttermost of his means for gambling debts ; with respect to which his conscience smote him, as he said, for having had recourse to unfair play. His acute understanding quickly discovered the hollowness and tyranny of national episcopacy, revelling as it then did in the plenitude of its pretensions. His fellow-townsmen began to discuss his abilities, whilst they admired or patronised his beer. They drank his health in every pothouse, canted over his last exposition, and at length ripened into realisation an offer which they had volunteered of returning him as their representative at the next election. The attempt was first made in A.D. 1625, and failed ; but three years later the star of the brewery culminated, and Oliver Cromwell took his seat at Westminster, in the third Parliament of the unfortunate Charles, as member for the borough of Huntingdon. A family of children had now begun to gather around him.



Such were some of the circumstances under which he emerged from private into public life. His gait was clownish, his dress ill-cut and slovenly, his manners harsh and abrupt, his features such as people look at with dislike, but from the contemplation of which it seems impossible to turn away. The author of *Hudibras* says, that one might have thought "he had been christened in a lime-pit and tanned alive!" Yet his very warts and wrinkles told, mingled as they were with firm-set lips, a fair large front, shaggy eyebrows, a threatening forehead, and a conspicuous ruddy nose. This last lineament of his face afforded immense fun to the wits and cavaliers of his day, who were divided into comparing it with a blazing beacon or a burning coal. Whenever he gazed at any one thoroughly, the object of his attention was not merely looked at through and through, but weighed, measured, analysed, classified, and never forgotten. His relation Hampden soon introduced him to Sir John Eliot, Sir Robert Philips, Colonel Hutchinson, Pym, and Vane. They were all men of an iron stamp and strength; patriots in the popular sense of patriotism, banded together in heart and will for the abolition of secular abuses, full of suspicions as to the crown and constitution, and compounded of the narrowest and basest prejudices as to religion. The last, perhaps, was not altogether their own fault. The system of which they were the spawn was in itself neither more nor less than a spiritual rebellion; the crisis at hand was only about to demonstrate that society must have solid foundations to rest upon, or else it only sinks from one depth of degradation to another, until, in a bottomless chaos, it resolves into its original elements; and that the basis of the material fabric is in reality a living religious principle of obedience to a religious authority. The grand impertinence which just at that particular moment roused up and mustered together these master-spirits of the age, happened to be the presumption of English prelacy. Cromwell and his contemporaries looked upon it with the earnestness manifested by one set of mountebanks watching the impostures of another, and availing themselves of the popular gale against their adversaries. There was an obscure preacher named Mainwaring, protected by the bishops, who had preached up the depreciation of parliaments; for which the Commons impeached and punished him. Of course the ultimate results were a royal pardon and an Anglican mitre. Such martyrs would be sure to spring up like mushrooms, until the king and his establishment had come to form a more correct idea of the enemy with whom they had to deal. Puritanism then raised the howl of "No Popery;" a cry which



has always succeeded in England and Scotland, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Victoria. Mainwaring had not as yet reaped the wages of his servility, when the harsh and broken but piercing tones of the member for Huntingdon electrified the House. It was the maiden effort of a voice which knew exactly what note to sound. He accused one Dr. Alabaster of promulgating the doctrines of the Roman harlot in a sermon at St. Paul's Cross, by the express orders of the prelate of Winchester. Furthermore, the same spiritual peer had just presented Mainwaring to a rich living; so that the road to preferments, as the orator instructed his hearers, was to turn the realm into a land of Papists and slaves. Immense was the sensation produced. Pym registered thereupon his famous vow in heaven against the Church of Laud, Williams, and Andrewes; of which he and his adherents thought as Sydney Smith did of Puseyism, that it was "all illusion, delusion, and collusion." A dissolution speedily followed; and Sir Oliver Cromwell took measures, in his hall at Hinchinbrook, effectually to prevent any future return of his nephew for the borough, which in his opinion, as a Royalist and Episcopalian, had been so scandalously misrepresented. He was appointed indeed a justice of the peace for the town, on the score of his formidable popularity; but within three years he sold part of his property in the neighbourhood, and removed to a small farm at St. Ives, which he stocked and cultivated. The sum he raised by the sale amounted to about 1800*l*.

Fanaticism was here also his familiar spirit. The few vestiges of Catholicity still permitted to adorn our rural districts were to him fantastic sources of scandal and secret agony; even the beautiful symbol of redemption, erected by the loving faith of antiquity in the market-place at Huntingdon, had thrown him into "the strangest phantasies!" On his farm and in the neighbourhood he sowed those seeds of doctrine and discipline which subsequently grew up into his invincible regiments of Ironsides. The greater portion of every day fomented the spiritual inflammation of red-hot devotional exercises. We may understand the curious recollection of the clerk of his parish, who used to remember that Farmer Cromwell came to church "with a piece of red flannel round his neck, since he was liable to soreness in the throat;" possibly from its natural wryness of direction, as well as the torrents of puritanical lava of which it was the source and issue.

Meanwhile his agricultural prosperity languished. In his particular case prayer and preaching failed to speed the plough; when, in A.D. 1636, he inherited at last the long-coveted property of his much-aggrieved maternal uncle Sir Thomas Stew-

ard. It consisted chiefly of some tithe-leases held under the dean and chapter of Ely Cathedral; to the glebe-house of which, near the churchyard of St. Mary, he lost no time in removing with his family. Golden opinions were earned by him here as elsewhere, from the rising sectaries. The grand struggle drew on between prerogative and constitutional right; the High Commission and Star-Chamber were slitting the noses and cropping the ears of the Bastwicks, Burtons, and Leightons, besides enabling the Crown to enact the part of Rob Roy with regard to the liberties, lands, and moneys of the lieges. The interval between the last and the Long Parliament gathered together the materials whose explosion overturned the throne, prostrated the aristocracy, and convulsed the three kingdoms for half a century. It is not true that Cromwell, with Hampden and others, contemplated an emigration to the colonies. On the contrary, the future Protector was watching every sign of the times, and bathing his soul in the Stygian lake of his own gloomy and bitter enthusiasm. He foresaw the tempest when it was no bigger than the fingers of a human hand. His prescience anticipated that some genius might be found capable of riding upon the storm; while a mysterious gleam of idea every now and then flashed through the darkness, that possibly he might be that man. This seems evident from what has since transpired of his correspondence, conversations, and contemplations. The affair of the Bedford Level brought him out at once as a champion for the people against the king. He came to be worshipped by the commonalty throughout the counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Lincoln, under the title of "the Lord of the Fens." No sooner had Strafford fallen before his foes, than even Hampden predicted the probable greatness of his kinsman. He directed with invisible, yet not less certain guidance, that series of marvellous measures and events which are to be found in all our histories; nor will it be necessary that we should touch upon the parliamentary war, which was the subject of a previous work by M. Guizot, and therefore is not included in the publication now on our table. Suffice it to remind our readers, that his management of what was termed the self-denying ordinance, the lustre of his military achievements, which blazed throughout the country down to the decisive battle of Marston Moor, his still greater victory at Naseby, the masterly skill with which he had formed an army bound up in the promotion of his own personal advancement, the genius with which he cajoled the parliament, and erected his party of Independency upon the ruins of Presbyterianism, the audacity with which he contrived the



total suppression of royalism and the execution of Charles I., —altogether led to the establishment of the commonwealth, with its sovereign power intrusted to himself ultimately under the modest title of its Protector.

The newly-created commonwealth for a time grumbled and blundered on; working the will of the enchanter its master, whose potent spell had called it out of anarchy into an ephemeral existence for his own purposes. This legion of Puritans had to serve a tyrant after all, as they discovered to their cost. Their internal anxieties already tormented them far more than their enemies could have done. Conquerors as they were, they always found a far greater mind in the midst of their own circle, overshadowing or eclipsing their fame, appropriating at every crisis the whole amount of credit and renown that might seem to be gained in getting the state out of its difficulties, and rendering them in return for their hard and abominable labours only smooth professions and scanty wages. Scotland and Ireland both remained also convulsed or discontented; though under peculiar and different circumstances, such as made utterly nugatory the respective dispositions of a party in each of them favourable to the pretensions of Charles II.

Not that the Royalists in either of these kingdoms could have reasonably expected any other result than that which really followed. In Ireland, Lord Ormonde had proclaimed the young Stuart with the best formalities in his power. Cromwell was offered the supreme military and civil command against him, as he expected would be the case; yet before he accepted it, profound was the dissimulation practised both by himself and his nominal employers. Puritanism could never move in a direct and honest line, even to accomplish any object nearest and dearest to its own hollow heart. At this distance of time it is impossible to view without loathing and horror the falsehood and fanaticism with which the new lord-lieutenant prepared for his crusade. In the first place, two officers from each corps were to meet him at Whitehall, that they might seek to know the will of Almighty God in prayer for a fortnight. He then consented to "submit his shoulders to the burden," with professions of preparatory fastings, wrestlings of spirit with the King of Saints, and unutterable travail of soul. He then secured 12,000 cavalry and infantry selected from his own veterans, plentiful supplies of provision and ammunition, and 100,000*l.* in ready money for the public service. For himself, he stipulated that there should be allotted him 3000*l.* for an outfit, 10*l.* sterling per diem as general whilst remaining in England, and 2000*l.* per



quarter in Ireland, besides his pay in his new function. His body-guard was to consist of fourscore young men of quality, several of them holding commissions as majors and colonels. His appointments invested him with dictatorial authority; and his state-carriage was drawn by six Flemish mares of whitish-grey. On the morning of his march he expounded the Scriptures, with a couple of other generals, "excellently well and pertinently to the occasion;" whilst three ministers invoked a blessing on his banners, proceeding as they were "to fight the battle of Heaven against the blinded Roman Catholics." And truly if ever hell could boast of a human champion, Oliver Cromwell enjoyed and exercised that dreadful honour.

He reached Dublin on the Assumption, A.D. 1659. Three-fourths of the island appeared to have been brought under the sway of the Marquis of Ormonde, in the name of Charles II. With lips pouring forth a torrent of texts perverted from holy writ, and waving in his grasp "the sword of the Lord and Gideon," the hero of Protestantism and Independency set forth to shed blood like water, and extirpate, should it be possible, the persecuted Church of Christ. At Drogheda, after the entrenchments had been carried by storm, and quarter offered and accepted, the pledge given was violated so soon as resistance ceased. An indiscriminate massacre ensued; for five days the streets ran with gore; an impious fury stimulated the passions of the soldiers. From the garrison they turned their weapons against the inhabitants, of whom above a thousand were immolated within the walls of the great church, to which they had fled for protection. Two thousand had been already slaughtered in the assault; for, as Cromwell himself wrote to the President of the Council and the Speaker of the House of Commons: "I forbade our men to spare any that were in arms in the town; and the next day, *when they had submitted*, their officers were knocked on the head, every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for Barbadoes. *I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously. I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches!*" Such are the tender mercies of expounders of the Apocalypse.

The Puritans, flushed with slaughter, pushed on to Wexford. Its unfortunate citizens fared no better than those of Drogheda, where the aged, the sick, the infirm, together with women and children, had been sacrificed in cold blood. No distinction was drawn between the defenceless burgher and the active warrior; nor could the shrieks and prayers of three hundred perfectly helpless females, congregated for refuge round the market-cross, preserve them from the death

they dreaded. Cromwell, in fact, abhorred crosses. They then, as now, were believed to be the marks of the Beast; nor were the followers of the Protector in the seventeenth wiser than the audiences of Exeter Hall in the nineteenth century. Five thousand innocent individuals perished in the two sieges. Oliver wiped his weapon with the coolest internal satisfaction. They were all Papists and idolaters, and he thought it, to use his own words, "a marvellous great mercy!"

Cork, Ross, Youghal, and Kilkenny, submitted without resistance; but Callan, Gowran, and Clonmell, made bold and glorious defences. Waterford manifested such vigour that Cromwell was baffled in his advances. Every cruelty, the more fearful ones not excepted, sullied the puritanical successes. A bishop was hanged in his episcopal robes before the walls of a fortress, subsequently to its surrender upon articles. In another case, and with similar disregard for the laws and customs of war, after troops had capitulated all their officers were brutally murdered, evidently on the ground of their being Catholics. "These last," as Guizot observes, "were always pompously excepted from his promises of Christian toleration;" whilst, strange to say, this ingenious Protestant historian describes him as "not bloodthirsty, but only determined to succeed rapidly, and at any cost, from the necessities of his fortune." We will extract a brief passage to illustrate the indulgent touch of an artist in softening down the characteristics of a conqueror, when his admirer cannot forbear fancying them a little too red and sanguinary:

"His great and true means of success did not consist in his massacres, but in his genius, and in the exalted idea which the people had already conceived of him. Sometimes by instinct, sometimes from reflection, he conducted himself in Ireland towards both his friends and enemies with an ability as pliant as it was profound; for he excelled in the art of treating with men, and of persuading, or seducing, or appeasing, those who even naturally regarded him with the greatest distrust and aversion. At the same time *that he gave up to murder and pillage the towns which fell into his hands*, he maintained in other respects the severest discipline in his army."

The italics are ours, and are of course intended to imply our cordial condemnation of that inconvenient delicacy, which seems to have restrained so able and amiable a writer as the author of these volumes from denouncing the savage monster who could preach, and weep, and whine, and pray over the pages of the New Testament, whilst bigotry and ambition swept on their remorseless way, beneath his stern command,



over the mangled corpses of infancy and innocence, or youth and old age. By an arrangement with France and Spain he got rid of 45,000 Irish soldiers, who consented to take service under those powers and relieve his own cause of just so many opponents.

Scarcely, however, was Ireland conquered, or rather crushed by Cromwell, when the affairs of Scotland summoned him to another field of action. The wild expedition of Montrose terminated in the defeat, arrest, condemnation, and cruel execution of that magnanimous chieftain. But Charles Stuart had arranged matters with the commissioners at Breda, and landed on the Scotch coast in May 1650. Oliver Cromwell, quietly superseding the over-scrupulous Fairfax, who had been nominated his colleague, proceeded against this fresh enemy at the head of about 15,000 men. Crossing the border, he addressed two proclamations, one to the inhabitants of the kingdom generally, and the other "to all that might be saints and partakers of the faith of God's elect." He kept near the sea-coast, that he might the more easily feed his troops, and obtain from time to time the necessary supplies from England. His antagonists withdrew every where before him, to avoid a collision if possible, and starve him out. The Presbyterian Royalists, nearly double his own numbers, had Lesley for their general. This officer never dared to advance until the English had fallen back upon Dunbar, when at length he occupied the pass of Cockburnspath, cutting them off, as it would seem, from any return home by land to their own country. Never was invader surrounded with more imminent peril.

Thus far Cromwell had gained nothing by his long march but disappointment, mortification, and short commons. It was now the 2d of September, and a most rainy season; Lesley had hemmed him in between the hills and the sea; when, partly provoked by the reproaches of some fanatical ministers, and partly piqued by the remarks of a "stout prisoner whom his skirmishers had captured, and who had but a wooden arm," and partly compelled by his real want of forage and water, he formed the fatal resolution of "having the English army dead or alive, by seven o'clock on the morrow." That army wished for nothing better, and spent the entire night in noiseless preparation for combat. On the 3d of September, after hours of wild storm and darkness, a thick fog at daybreak postponed the attack, although only for an interval. As it cleared away, volleys of musketry awoke ten thousand echoes, with booming artillery roaring on both sides; for the fight was loud and long, amidst cries of "the Lord of Hosts" from the English,



and "the Covenant,—"the solemn League and Covenant," from the Scotch. Cromwell reserved the onset of his invincible Ironsides until the propitious moment when the mists dispersed, permitting the full beams of sunshine suddenly to illuminate the scene from the heights to the ocean. "Now let God arise," said he, "and His enemies shall be scattered; for they that hate Him shall flee before Him." His well-known voice sounded through the ranks like a trumpet. Each battalion caught up his solemn and sonorous words; for enthusiasm is as contagious as discouragement. "Indeed," observes one of his contemporaries, "he was a strong man in the dark perils of war; and in the high places of the field hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all the others." Once and again Oliver and the English charged with redoubled vigour; the Scottish cavalry at length gave way; and even a body of infantry, which had remained unmoved, like a rock, was at last broken through, and scattered by the assailing squadrons. "After the first repulses," wrote the triumphant victor, "they were made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to our swords." The struggle was over before nine. Three thousand enemies had been slain. More than 10,000 prisoners were taken, with all their cannon, baggage, and 200 standards. Leith, Edinburgh (except its castle), and the adjacent country, submitted at once. Charles II. withdrew northwards to Perth; not over-sorry that some of his subjects had received so severe a lesson. Until now he had been treated as a mere puppet, with an allowance of 9000*l.* per month for his civil list. Lesley, with the wreck of his late gallant array, went westward to Stirling. Scotland had nevertheless to bend her neck to the yoke of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, very much as Ireland had done. The coronation of the king at Scone produced only a slight effect upon the course of events; notwithstanding the sudden illness of the English lord-general, and various plots against republicanism, which broke out somewhat later. Charles, however, soon took the command of his army in person, and then indeed there came a change over the spirit of the drama.

Oliver had recovered, and laid siege to Perth; upon which the hunted Stuart resolved to give his adversary the slip, and invade England. On the last day of July 1651, he was on the road to Carlisle, backed by forces estimated at 11,000 to 14,000 soldiers. London quaked with terror on receiving the intelligence; while Vane, Scott, Robinson, and Henry Martyn set their shoulders to the wheel of preparation. Cromwell wasted no time either; for he overtook the royalists at Worcester, within four weeks after they had started from Stirling. His

own followers, with the militia collected for him by his active adherents, amounted to 24,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry. He encamped on the left bank of the Severn on his arrival; and that same afternoon pushed a portion of his lines across the river, that he might attack the city on either side. The anniversary of his victory at Dunbar was close at hand: accordingly, on Sept. 3d, his favourite and fortunate day, as he ever afterwards called it, the western suburbs of Worcester were assailed by Lambert and Fleetwood: the lord-general himself directed the principal attack against the city, at the eastern extremity; while Charles was on the tower of the cathedral, surrounded with his staff, all looking about them. Thunders of artillery, as the clock struck one, announced that the republicans were battering the approaches. Windows rattled, houses fell, or were riddled as the iron shot went through them. The king mounted his horse, rushed to the defence, and manifested among his generals no lack of personal courage. But Cromwell had surrounded him, like a lion in a lair. The battle lasted for five hours. Charles, with his body-guards, fell so vigorously upon the republican militia-men, that the latter recoiled, until Oliver rallied them; showing that, with ordinary firmness on their part, the laurels of victory must be won. The Royalists, on the other hand, got discouraged; they were outnumbered; their ammunition began to fail; their officers were too numerous, and with no master-mind to combine or concentrate their efforts. Lesley, with 3000 cavalry, remained motionless at the critical moment; and the brave Cavaliers shouted in agony "for one hour of Montrose!" It was in vain. The heads of Cromwell's columns had now fought their way into one street after another in almost every quarter. "Shoot me dead," exclaimed the defeated monarch, "rather than let me live to see the sad consequences of this fatal day!" When his valiant friends formed themselves into a compact body, in order to cover his retreat, he at length left the city by St. Martin's Gate, and took the northern road. Falling in with some Presbyterian cavalry, who were flying without having fought, considering, as they evidently did, how sore a temptation of Providence it must be to abide the brunt of danger, he would fain for a moment have led them back again into pretended action. "But no," he said to himself; "men who deserted me when they were in good order, would never stand by me now they are beaten." Common sense had not as yet quite deserted him—the romance of the Boscobel Papers had to be acted out; and Charles II. was reserved for the Restoration.

Meanwhile, Cromwell was enjoying his crowning victory.



Three kingdoms seemed to be in the act of falling down to worship the idol which their own follies, in conjunction with his then unparalleled genius, had thus wonderfully set up. The palace of Hampton Court was assigned him for a residence, with a landed estate of 4000*l.* a year. Fanatic as he was, he never intended to serve God, even in his own way, for any thing short of solid pudding as well as empty praise. Both were now overwhelming him upon rather a sublime scale. As to his gaping supporters, he must have often recalled the proverb, *Decipiantur qui volunt decipi*. It was therefore that he had canted so intolerably amidst the splendours of his military career. From Ireland he had written to one of his correspondents in the full glow of conquest: "The Lord is wonderful in these things—it is His hand alone that does them. Oh, that all the praise might be ascribed to Him! I have been crazy in my health; but the Lord is pleased to sustain me. I beg your prayers; I desire you to call upon my son *to mind the things of God more and more. Alas! what profit is there in the things of this world? except they be enjoyed in Christ, they are snares!*" When the Speaker and House of Commons, with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, met his triumphal entry into London, amidst the firing of the troops, salvoes of cannon, and the acclamations of the people, he acted his humility to a turn; although Hugh Peters, with a few others, understood him thoroughly, and even whispered to each other: "This man will be King of England yet!" His lieutenants, Ireton and Monk, had perfectly carried out his intentions, and completed the subjugation of Ireland and Scotland. The fleet and troops of the Parliament had regained possession of the Channel and Scilly Islands, Sodor and Man, Barbadoes, and the various colonial dependencies. The throne, or what was equivalent to it, loomed out in the perspective distinctly before the writer of such sentiments as these: "Lord, deliver me from this very vain world! Oh, how good it is to close with Christ betimes: there is nothing else worth the looking after. Great place and business have come upon me, a very poor worm and weak servant!" After the battle of Dunbar, his pious inspirations were as follow: "We lay fearfully near the enemy, and therefore there came over us a weakness of the flesh, because of their numbers; because of their advantages; because of their confidence; because of our frailty; because of our straits. But we were in the Mount, and on the Mount the Lord would be seen; and He shall send the rod of His strength out of Zion!" and finally applying to himself the Scripture, *Dominare in medio inimicorum tuorum*.

In fact, the general blasphemy of the entire age should



never be forgotten, since it helps to explain the curious rounds of that ladder of impiety by which the Protector ascended to his elevation. Beneath the warm sunbeams of unexpected prosperity he had stealthily returned to his earlier sensualism and indulgences. But what were these to a blinded partisan and sectary, who could trace out a parallel from the pages of the Bible between himself and Moses; dwelling upon the marvellous and princely perfections of them both, "ascending in their respective ages through thirty degrees to the height of honour." The German apostle of Protestantism had said *Pecca fortiter* to one of his adherents; nor could some of the Puritans in the seventeenth century bring themselves to forbear saying out *Amen* to the precept. All sense of real reverence towards Almighty God had vanished from these islands; and where was morality to be sought for when genuine faith was gone? The counterfeits of both were of course multiplied in the most disgusting forms. We will venture on two or three specimens of their pulpit eloquence. The blasphemy of some of them is so shocking, that we almost doubt as to the propriety of introducing them; but they are necessary as illustrations of the spirit of the times.

At Perth a military preacher avowed in his prayer before the army, that "unless God delivered them, He should not be their God." A Presbyterian wrestled, as it was termed, in his Sabbath prayer,—“O Lord! when wilt Thou take a chair, and sit among the Peers? When wilt Thou vote among the honourable Commons?” Another said, “We know, O Lord, that Abraham made a covenant, and Moses made a covenant, and David a covenant, and our Saviour a covenant; but the covenant of Thy parliament is the greatest of all covenants!” Oliver had once to listen to a regular roarer in England, who addressed his Maker thus: “Lord! what wilt Thou do with the malignants, the prelatists, the papists, and the rest of them? I’ll tell Thee:—e’en take them by the heels, and roast them in the chimney of hell. Lord! take the pestle of Thy vengeance, and the mortar-piece of Thy wrath, and make their brains a hodge-podge. But for Thine own bairns, Lord; feed them with the prunes and raisins of Thy promises; give them the boots of hope and the spurs of confidence.” His own chaplain, Hugh Peters, already mentioned, when alluding in his sermon to the late struggle between the English and Dutch, informed his audience that the conflict really “lasted so long that Almighty God was thrown upon *His hums and His haws* as to which side He should cast the victory.” And when one of the fifth-monarchy enthusiasts mentioned to this puritan Boanerges, or as another account has it, to his friend

and fellow-secretary, Streater, that Jesus Christ was soon coming in person to reign with the saints in London,—the preacher confidentially replied, with more seriousness than reverence, that “unless He came before Christmas, *it would be too late!*”

In truth, to all intents and purposes Oliver Cromwell was from this time the real regent or sovereign of the realm. It was resolved in October 1651, that the forces should be placed upon such an establishment as would reduce their expenses by 35,000*l. per mensem.* The parliament also proposed an amnesty, as well as a new electoral law, with various projects of civil and religious reform; when it presently appeared that its days were numbered. The members remained purblind to a most amusing degree, whilst their master was only giving them rope enough to strangle what yet remained to them of reputation. There were individuals amongst them of spotless integrity; but the majority had manifested little else than selfishness, narrow-mindedness, hypocrisy, and an utter incapacity for honest or effective government. Cromwell and his creatures had so managed public opinion, that the clamour for a dissolution appeared unanimous at the very period when the parliament was idly attempting to perpetuate its own existence. At length the crisis arrived; and the well-known scene occurred on the 20th of April, 1653, in which the sword of the executive overcame and put to flight the mace of the Speaker, with such a sentence as “Take away that bauble!” “When I went down to Westminster,” said the mendacious lord-general, “I did not think to have done this. But *perceiving the Spirit of God so strong upon me, I would not consult with flesh and blood.*” The Council of State was dissolved on the same afternoon. Hatred and contempt for that political gimcrack, the Commonwealth, which the foot of a conqueror had now kicked to pieces, aroused many partial movements of popular admiration, such as an audacious and successful line of conduct will almost always inspire. Congratulatory addresses awaited the dictator from various quarters: from the mystical sectaries, who hoped that the fall of the Parliament might introduce a reign of Christ and His saints (meaning by the latter term themselves); from the army in Scotland, whose leaders cordially approved the whole measure; from the army in Ireland, which at least signified its acquiescence; from the fleet, careless as it seemed of politics, and intent alone upon the acquisition of naval glory; from the City of London, where a few scrupulous aldermen lifted up their voices in vain; and generally from the richest and most influential towns in the three kingdoms. Cromwell



nevertheless condescended to justify his conduct in a long manifesto; convoked the Barebones assembly; demonstrated to its component members, as well as to the world, their unfitness both for counsel and action; accepted from them a resignation of the government into his own more able hands; and finally, on the 16th of December, 1653, assumed openly the office and powers of the Lord High Protector over England, Scotland, and Ireland, with all their colonies and territories. He was solemnly installed in a grand chair of state with extraordinary festivities, and after a very long sermon in the banqueting-hall. His town-residence henceforward was the palace of his late decapitated sovereign.

It had been newly furnished for the reception of the protectoral family upon a magnificent scale. The style and etiquette of a regular court were once more revived. Ambassadors were presented to his Highness, as he stood upon a platform raised three steps above the floor. They had to make a profound reverence thrice; the first time on entering the saloon, the second when they had advanced midway, and the third when they approached the foot of the elevation; where Cromwell, having given to each of their homages a slight inclination of his head, then allowed them at last respectfully to kiss his hand,—at least such a permission was sometimes awarded, though by no means as a matter of course; for on occasions he withheld such a mark of his condescension, and waved the representatives of foreign powers out of his presence with more than a royal bow. The expenditure of his household was 140,000*l. per annum*, equivalent to the civil list of Queen Victoria, when the differences in the value of money are taken into consideration. His equipages must have appeared truly regal: his wife, and his mother, with the junior members, all received the attention exacted by princes and princesses; whilst, notwithstanding the occasional coarseness which might now and then deform the manners of Oliver, or the coaxing familiarities which policy induced him to tolerate with “certain godly vessels of grace” booked on their journey to the New Jerusalem, there was an external grandeur throughout the entire affair which gratified superficial observers, and soothed the national pride. It contrasted strangely with the profligate and pitiful exhibition of Charles Stuart at Paris, a pensioner of the proud king, and wasting his allowance of 6000 francs a month upon Lucy Walters;—his grand lord-keeper the Marquis of Ormonde, and his equally grand chancellor of the exchequer Hyde, besides other right honourable officers and privy-councillors, being all the time without a pistole in their pockets, and



cheating the poor woman who boarded them through never paying her bills. Shoes and shirts even were not too plentiful with these proud and beggarly exiles; on account of whom, the bitter but honest Andrew Marvel compared their master to Saul the son of Cis, "in looking after the asses of his father."

In vain were base plots of assassination hatched against the Protector. He organised a system of espionage which let him know what Charles whispered in his bed-chamber; how that royal ladies were between their sheets for the hottest hours of a summer's day, because the laundress was washing the single linen garment they were so happy as to possess; how that an emissary from Mazarin was in London to confer with Gerrard and his fellow-conspirators; and in one word, exactly what was going forward against or in favour of the government throughout astonished Europe. He restored the finances, repaired the roads, reformed both law and equity, mitigated the sufferings of prisoners for debt, improved the jails, established a good police, regulated public amusements, prohibited duels, restrained the madness of Presbyterianism as well as the follies of fanaticism, did his best for a new representation of the people, nominated able judges, and, of course, persecuted Catholics. In so doing, he only worked out the natural instincts of his creed. Dyed red as he was with the purple martyrdoms of his Irish campaigns, he barbarously put to death a pious and elderly priest named Southworth, simply because he had fallen into the clutches of one of his officers, and had been convicted thirty-seven years before, at Lancaster, of no other crime than Papistry. Yet what was to be done? This worthy gentleman had since been to Rome, and taken holy orders. For this the fierce sordid sectarians demanded his blood, as a proof that Cromwell was sincere in professing himself a "Bible Christian." The French and Spanish ambassadors repeated their solicitations for mercy with incessant yet fruitless urgency; while such was the respect and sympathy displayed towards the innocent and reverend sufferer, that 200 carriages, with a multitude of gentlemen on horseback, followed the hurdle on which he was drawn to his glorious agony. On the scaffold he meekly mentioned the satisfaction with which, through the grace of God, he was enabled to lay down his life for the sake of truth; but he also pointed out the enormous inconsistency of his murderers, who, having pretended to take up arms for liberty of conscience, could nevertheless inflict such cruel penalties upon persons differing from themselves in religious opinions. And so this holy victim was hanged, disembowelled,

and quartered, by the very potentate about to be enshrined in the false flattery of anti-Catholic historians, for his subsequent interference on behalf of the Calvinistic insurgents at Nismes, and the Waldenses of Piedmont.

In less than nine months, the active and able Protector had issued above four score ordinances, bearing upon almost every part of the social organisation of the country; but the boasts of his domestic policy were such events as the execution of the brother of the Portuguese minister for riot and homicide, or the incorporation of Scotland and Ireland with England. Even these achievements, however, might subside into obscurity, as compared with the skilful management of foreign affairs. Schemes had been started for that sort of union between Holland and the three kingdoms which circumstances, little anticipated, at length effected for an interval of thirteen years, through the Revolution of 1688. No sooner was the helm openly in the grasp of Cromwell, than he set himself to effect what alone was at all possible under the then existing state of things: he aimed at a reasonable peace with the United Provinces, recognising indeed their national independence, but securing the trident of the ocean for his native land. Vane had superintended the Admiralty with the most prescient and disinterested ability. By uprooting abuses, and surrendering enormous emoluments, he contented himself with the modest salary of one, instead of thirty thousand pounds per annum; and at the same time laid deeply and immovably the foundations of our maritime greatness. True indeed it is, that for nearly a quarter of a century the Dutch maintained a struggle for naval supremacy with their more fortunate rivals; yet equally certain it also is, that they never recovered from their efforts, and that from the age of the protectorate, and the subsequent administration of James Duke of York, the British flag has permanently maintained its superiority.

Oliver's next object was a general Protestant alliance, by which Denmark, those of the Swiss cantons which were not Catholic, as also several of the petty Lutheran princes in the north of Germany, were included in the negotiation with the Batavian republic. With Sweden he had a more difficult part to act; for the subjects of Queen Christina were practical as well as theoretical opponents to the precepts and doctrines of religion, and their sovereign was contemplating a return to the fold of the faithful. Whitelock, the envoy of Oliver, and far from being a strict Puritan himself, any more than his master, was absolutely scandalised at their laxity of morals. The propositions from London, followed up by suitable in-

structions from the Protector, were nevertheless acceded to at Stockholm, just one month before the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus ceased to reign. They placed Oliver Cromwell, with regard to the Protestant interests of Europe, exactly in the position in which a confederation in our own age placed Napoleon with regard to the Germanic principalities. He became thereby an almost absolute umpire over the foreign relations of numerous adjacent states. Another special treaty with the court at Copenhagen opened the Sound for English commerce, depriving the merchants and herring-busses of Amsterdam and the Brill of their long-cherished monopoly.

France and Spain meanwhile were bidding against each other for the honour of his friendship. With Portugal he also effected an arrangement most beneficial to the trade of his people; so that, thus caressed and feared by the whole of Christendom, and victorious over all parties at home, he thought he might face without danger the seventh article of the Protectoral Constitution, which called upon him to issue writs for the convocation of a new parliament. No general election had now happened for fourteen years; but the former plan of Sir Harry Vane was adopted, and the summonses were made returnable for the 3d of September, 1654. Four hundred members were allotted for England and Wales; thirty for Scotland, and the same number for Ireland. Yet the expectations of the great autocrat were disappointed. After wearisome speeches which satisfied nobody, and party hostilities no longer possessing a shadow of interest, he dissolved the assembly in anger, that he might endeavour to govern alone. This proved no easy task; he had to baffle the royalist and republican conspiracies, resulting as they did in the insurrections of Salisbury, under Colonel Penruddock, and the northern counties, where Lord Rochester was to have carried all before him. Then followed his system of major-generals, —a set of satraps, who were to exercise all political and administrative powers, and to a certain point all judicial authority, in their respective districts, which were twelve in number. From their decisions there was to be no appeal but to the Protector and his council. The object was to overawe some legal attempts at resistance against the usurpations of Cromwell, and at the same time support a local militia devoted to the government, for which the ways and means had to be found in an income-tax of ten per-cent, levied on the Royalists alone. Connected with such arbitrary measures was an interference with the liberty of the press; but, as M. Guizot justly observes, Oliver Cromwell thus “tyrannically involved his power in a course of revolutionary violence, and set parties



once more at variance, not by civil war, but by a system of oppression. He appealed to necessity, and doubtless believed himself reduced by circumstances to act as he did; if he was right, his was one of those necessities inflicted by the justice of God, which reveal the innate viciousness of a government, and are the inevitable sentence of its condemnation."

Henceforward his administration was neither more nor less than a naked despotism, compared with which that of Charles and James, kings of England, had been the mildness of milk-and-water,—excepting that the former was so lost in the latter that the evil sank into the social constitution like the poison of a spring, which happens to be tasteless, though not the less deleterious. His endeavours to preserve popularity by a one-sided religious toleration could have deceived no one, not even himself, any more than his conduct towards Oxford and Cambridge. There might be hope through the dazzling effects of foreign conquests; and he had now made up his mind to act with France against Spain. Cardinal Mazarin and the Protector proceeded in the execution of a project which was destined effectually to humble the court of Madrid. Blake sailed into the Mediterranean, and performed wonders of policy and valour before Leghorn, against the Barbary States, and off the port of Malaga. But in the West Indies Admirals Penn and Venables failed against St. Domingo; and the capture of Jamaica, then estimated far beyond its genuine value, remained their only trophy. Yet still the popular mind seemed to some extent gratified. On the continent the prowess of Great Britain had never been so felt and lauded. External testimonies of respect reached the Protector from various parts; since, independently of the foreign ministers who had their usual residence in London, ambassadors-extraordinary were sent from Sweden, Poland, Germany, and Italy, to present him with the homage or overtures of their masters. Sagredo, the Venetian envoy, presents us with a picture of his impressions in 1656:—"I am now in England," he says: "the aspect of this country is very different from that of France; here we do not see ladies going to court, but gentlemen courting the chase; not elegant cavaliers, but cavalry and infantry; instead of music and ballets, they have trumpets and drums; they do not speak of love, but Mars; they have no comedies, but tragedies; no patches on their faces, but muskets on their shoulders; they do not neglect sleep for the sake of amusement, but severe ministers keep their adversaries in incessant wakefulness." There appears little of the attractive in this portrait; and Cromwell himself, surrounded as he seemed to be with secular grandeur and glory, must have inwardly re-

cognised the skeleton that marred it all, or dreamed of the sword of Damocles terrifically gleaming in the air. There could be no rest for his soul, as it mounted from one splendid misery to another.

Stern necessity at length compelled him to venture upon another parliament; nor could he complain this time of its results. The exclusion of nearly 100 members left the remainder at liberty to strengthen the sceptre of the Protector, and even tender him the real crown for his acceptance. We may well conceive how tempting must have been the offer; yet, after an agony of suspense, he declined it, accepting in its stead the *Humble Petition and Advice*, which was soon followed by the famous pamphlet entitled *Killing no Murder*. Colonel Saxby was probably its author; but it did not prevent a second installation of Oliver Cromwell, who by the new constitution, as arranged between himself and the commons, now enjoyed the right of appointing his successor, and governing with more concentrated powers. An upper house was also restored,—the illusive shadow of a peerage. It has been thought by some, and perhaps with justice, that he was never the same man again after the vain vision of recognised royalty had for ever withdrawn from his view. He still enjoyed the reality, it was true, or at least with regard to prerogative, and the extent of his renown and influence in Europe; but the golden circlet of a diadem, that symbol of venerable authority, with its hallowed associations of 1000 years, worn as it had been by Alfred, by the Conqueror, by the Henries and Edwards of English history,—that crown which confers the title of majesty, which religion consecrates and which the world worships, and which the representatives of an admiring people had positively pressed upon his brow,—had now vanished even from his imagination. The hard, cruel scruples of a few intimate friends had alone intervened between the dreams of an ambitious manhood and their fullest realisation. How bitterly he strove to overcome those scruples, to what humiliations and hypocritical artifices he condescended for that purpose, Whitelocke, in his *Memorials*, has almost unconsciously informed us.

“The Protector,” he says, “again and again advised with us about this affair of his accepting the title of king, and would sometimes be strangely cheerful with Lord Broghill, Pierrepont, Sir Charles Wolseley, Thurloe, and myself; yea, now and then laying aside his greatness, he would become exceeding familiar, and by way of diversion would make verses with us, so that every one might try his fancy. He would then commonly call for tobacco, pipes, and a candle, or would now and then even take tobacco himself; *then he would fall again to his serious and great business*,”—that vanity of vanities; in



other words, of enjoying the name as well as the substance of sovereignty.

On another occasion, he invited himself to dinner with Colonel Desborough,—a very Brutus among the opponents of the proposed revival of avowed monarchy,—and after the meal he “drolled with the party present about kingship. Speaking slightly of it, he said, *it was but a feather in the cap of a man, and therefore wondered that folks would not please the children, and permit them to enjoy their rattle.*” This incident is mentioned by Ludlow. But all the tricks of the arch-actor were useless; so that the apex of his aspirations dissolved finally into air: and thus foiled in that single point he felt himself defeated. His health undoubtedly began to fail, whether from this particular cause or not can now scarcely be ascertained. He was getting into years, after a life of labour and care which would have told upon the energies of a Cæsar or a Samson. Henceforward he is said to have worn armour under his clothes, and to have seldom slept two nights consecutively in the same apartment. The parliament which had so flattered him began to get restive: in its second session it openly quarrelled with him; nor could the upper house long stand its ground. The old ancestral peers would not sit, or at least would not work with the new lords, some of whom had once been cobblers, clothiers, woollen-drapers, dry-salters, and little shop-keepers. His Highness at last dissolved his refractory chambers. The agitation of parties out of doors augmented every day. Payment of taxes was now and then resisted; the exchequer was getting low, particularly through the heavy expenses of the Spanish war. Admiral Blake had also died, after gaining the most brilliant of his naval victories in the Bay of Teneriffe. Some galleons had been taken at an earlier period with considerable, although exaggerated, treasures on board; but the public convoy which carried them from the sea-coast to the vaults of the Bank and the Tower deeply impressed the populace, and seemed to render the general burdens more tolerable.

Plots, however, revived with increasing frequency. The Protector, indeed, suppressed them, and entered with greater cordiality than ever before into the objects of his alliance with France. In fact, on the continent his policy had immense success, while the capture of Mardyke and Dunkirk threw gleams of transitory radiance upon the sinking sunset of his reign. He had sent his son-in-law, Lord Faulconbridge, on a splendid embassy to Louis XIV., and received the Duke de Cregin as representative of that potentate in London. Already was the convocation of another parliament occupying his mind, when family misfortunes, in connection with the cares of state, undermined his strength, and laid him more open to attacks of



intermittent fever, which had been his old disorder in Ireland and Scotland. He had removed for change of air, after the death of his favourite daughter, Lady Claypole, to Hampton Court, but was induced to return to Whitehall on the 24th of August 1658. From this day his danger became visible. It is to be feared that fanaticism alone upheld him in his last struggle. He had named his successor, and yet still clung to life. With all his crimes gathering around the ghastly recollections of the past, there seemed scarcely a semblance of any repentance, or humble apprehensions for the future. The Calvinistic and monstrous delusion, that, having felt himself to have been once in the grace of Almighty God, it was impossible for him ever to have fallen away, was the mermaid which held before his eyes her false and fatal mirror of hope, as his soul vainly battled with the awful billows of eternity. He expired on the 3d of September, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, with a deep sigh, amidst the wailings of his family and attendants, the half-frantic amazement of his chaplains, the shudder of three nations, and the roar of a violent tempest, which had been raging all through the previous night, with innumerable disasters over the sea and land.

Such was Oliver Cromwell, the hero and personification of Puritanism, and certainly one of the most remarkable men in the pages of British history. His funeral was performed with the pomp and parade which have usually accompanied the obsequies of our sovereigns. In some worldly respects, he truly towered amongst them as a giant amidst the great ones of the earth; conspicuous as he had been for military achievements, successful policy, and governmental talents. He had, moreover, carved out his own fortunes; and in doing so, had availed himself both of the strength and weakness of his fellow-countrymen. But the grand spell of his life, with which so many wonders had been wrought, it must be admitted, was a system of imposture. Astonishing genius was indeed, in his peculiar instance, the soul and essence of the fraud; yet there it glittered, an enormous cheat, after all. The personal character of the Protector, from his cradle to his grave, strikes the eye of the mind as a vast congeries of curious contrarieties; the grand mingles strangely with the base, and the grovelling with the sublime. He was generally coarse, yet could be most refined: at times full of tricks and antics, and making the most hideous grimaces in his prayers, or turning his eyes into fountains of tears, or filthily soiling the dresses of his ladies with practical jokes which ought to have brought him to the pump and the whipping-post, he

could nevertheless mould a senate to his will, or direct for his own purposes the waves of rebellion and the thunders of war. Beneath the garb of godliness he concealed outrageous vices; the less pardonable after his marriage with a lovely and pure-minded lady, who had too solid grounds for her jealousy, not perhaps against the Queen of Sweden, but certainly against other women.

It is remarkable that, as in the case of several enormous sensualists, no drugs of embalmment could preserve his body from overpowering and rapid corruption. The sere-cloths, though six times doubled, yet swelled and burst, with an offensiveness so far worse than the fœtor of disease or the work of the worm, that immediate interment became necessary; and the final solemnities, both at Whitehall and Westminster Abbey, as is well known, presented, instead of the real remains of the deceased, a mere effigy to the public gaze. It was made of wax, fashioned to an admirable likeness, apparelled in rich velvet, laced with gold, furred with ermine, and adorned with purple. The kirtle was girded with an embroidered belt carrying a sword. In the right hand of the image was a sceptre, in the left a globe; and behind the head, when it lay in state, was a rich chair of tissue surmounted with an imperial crown. Surely this singular pageant affords an instructive hieroglyphic of the character and destinies of the personage whose portrait we have been attempting to draw.

Guizot observes, "that he departed in the plenitude of his power and greatness: having succeeded beyond all expectation, far more than any other of those men ever succeeded, who by their genius have raised themselves, as he had done, to supreme authority; for he had attempted and accomplished, with equal success, the most opposite designs. During eighteen years, he had alternately sown confusion and established order, effected and punished revolution, overthrown and restored government in his own country. At every moment, under all the circumstances, he distinguished with admirable sagacity the dominant interests and passions of the time, so as to make them the instruments of his own rule,—careless whether he belied his antecedent conduct, so long as he triumphed in concert with the popular instinct, and explaining the inconsistencies of his conduct by the ascendent unity of his power. He is perhaps the only example which history affords of one man having governed the most opposite events, and proved sufficient for the most various destinies." The wonder is, that he was never assassinated, nor his life ever actually attacked. The greatness of his family began and

died with him; for neither widow nor children could find favour, or even justice, amidst the popular frenzy of the Restoration. Yet his administration involved and partially developed the noblest germs of our national and naval prosperity. His name will never be forgotten. Abroad he intimidated Holland, humiliated Spain, overawed Sweden, overreached Mazarin, and punished the Barbary corsairs; whilst at home, in three kingdoms, he coerced their aristocracy, bridled their religious establishments, and subdued their factions. Walter Savage Landor declares, that "no agent of equal potency and equal moderation had appeared upon earth before him. He walked into a den of lions, and scourged them growling out: his imitator in modern times was pushed into a menagerie of monkeys, and fainted at their grimaces!" Napoleon, however, was a Cromwell upon a European scale; but then the latter *preceded* him. We owe much, beyond the possibility of doubt, in the way of mere worldly welfare, to the Great Protector: yet clearly enough it appears that, upon the whole, he was a bad man, who reaped, under the auspices of a lie, the rewards in this lower scene of enormous iniquity; whose soul, though endowed with so many gifts and talents, yet revolved in lonely selfishness upon its own centre; and who lived through a generation of hypocrisy, to leave his subjects no better alternative than a choice between anarchy or the Stuarts.

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MAGIC.

*The History of Magic.* By Joseph Ennemoser. Translated from the German by W. Howitt. London, Bohn (Scientific Library).

THE profession of magic necessarily leads to quackery. Even allowing, for argument's sake, that there were any truth in it, that the *verbum mirificum* (which is generally arrant gibberish) had any real inherent power, this very fact would be enough to account for all the rest of the nonsense that authors on magic perpetrate; for their whole art rests on the assumption that the power of words is dependent on their sound, or their composition, or the will of their utterer, quite irrespectively of their sense. Once bring yourself to believe that "abrakas" and "abracadabra" have some mighty force in them, like "the words that cleft Eildon hills in three," and you will not have to take a very long journey before you come



to believe that there is, if not sense, at any rate use, in any other fustian, even though it should be as dark as the following oracles of the German Ennemoser: "The Germanic spiritual life took root in the Græco-Roman elements, and therefrom arose a highly remarkable process of fermentation, from which new shoots were put forth in all directions." . . . . "The Greeks and Romans were but the momentary links between old and new; and the East, already stationary and sunk into the night of the past, dreams in a sleep of a thousand years, until, awakened by the German spirit of the future, it will again arise to new existence. If, as occasionally happens, the belief is common that Germany stands upon the summit of civilisation, magic is peculiarly calculated to instruct us upon this point." . . . . "In fact, a great future lies before Germany in magic; in it German investigation and acuteness must labour," &c. &c. The power of writing nonsense of this kind we hold to be a useful accomplishment of any writer on magic; it is certainly one to which our author has directed his attention, and has developed with considerable success.

Herr Ennemoser's obscurity has not received much elucidation from the labours of his translator. Indeed, if the rendering of the German is as bad as that of the Latin sentences which here and there occur, it might plausibly be said that the translator is more in fault than the author. We suspect, however, that though the former may not be innocent, we have not been far wrong in our estimate of the author's own share of the offence, and that the original German labours under an obscurity which comes next-door to nonsense. Still the translator need not have made matters worse: it was quite a work of supererogation to translate "*procerissima mulier*," "a very *quick* woman" (p. 94); or "*divina correptio*," "a divine *prophetess*." The printer's devil, also, might have been contented to forego adding quite his fair share to the already unmanageable burden; he need not have written *vetus tale* for *vetustate*; or, "soothsaying is of two natures, kinds and artificial," instead of "two kinds, natural and artificial," both in one page (57); or *extacia* for *ecstasy* (p. 61); nor need he have made such fearful trash of Greek as in the four words which he has reduced to three in the next page. Names, of course, fall in for their fair share of distortion; and in this magical mirror we are presented to some old friends, under the new names of Permenides, Stobacus (*Stobæus*), Cleonithes, Silesius (*Synesius*), and the like; besides the introduction of others to English society (where they enjoy their own civil rights) in their Germanic dress, such as Apulejus and Origines.

So much for the manner of this book. For its matter, we

must admit that it is a work of truly Germanic investigation and acuteness, being a laborious collection of all kinds of heterogeneous facts and opinions, pervaded by a perverse kind of serpentine acuteness, in making them all agree in a shallow preconceived theory, which is as follows,—that the facts and pretensions of magic are neither fictions nor assumptions; they are sober truths; they are simply the results of magnetism, which was known and practised by the priests of all ancient religions. “Magnetism,” our author assures us, “leads the way back into the mysterious domain of exploded magic, gathers up old tales and long-forgotten laws of mysterious action from a transcendental world, which estimates, on one hand, the present standard of science as valueless, and on the other, orthodox dogmas as the work of the devil.” We suppose that by *orthodox dogmas* he means the doctrines of magnetism; for he says, that this school “resists boldly, in the anxious fear lest all miracles should cease to be miraculous.” This fear is quite justified in our author; he certainly does reduce all miracles to an act; all, according to him, are equally true, all equally the result of magnetism. There is no slashing and bold blasphemy in the book; but in an odious, creeping, apologetic tone, the miracles of our Lord, the Apostles and Prophets, are all referred to this one source, and grouped together with those of Æsculapius and Apollonius, of the Egyptian priest and the Chaldæan magus. The general run of the book is a kind of sleepy mesmeric verbiage, like a voice monotonously chanting nonsensical incantations, every now and then arousing you by the spasmodic enunciation of a conclusion which he asserts to be drawn from the premises, but which, for all we can see to the contrary, might as well be drawn, *ad libitum*, from any thing else. Conclusions and premises alike seem to belong exclusively to the world of dreams, as our author himself seems to allow. “If the world is a miracle,” he says, “the history of life is a dream; we know not whither it goes, nor do we know its beginning and end; all humanity plays to a certain extent a blind game, and is kept together less by clear knowledge than by the instinctive dream-pole. An internal hidden poet leads them by a secure thread through the labyrinths of time and space. Hidden in the breast of man lie the everlasting messengers of heaven and hell,” &c. &c. After upwards of 180 pages of stuff like the foregoing, the sleepy gurgling suddenly ceases, and we are pulled up with the following information: “If the conclusions already arrived at” (what they are goodness only knows) “rest upon a firm foundation, and, as it appears to me, are indisputable, we may conclude as follows:

"1. That there is an universal connection in nature, and a mutual reciprocity in sympathetical and antipathetical contrasts, but which cannot be perceived by the waking senses; so that there is, at all events, a something of which the senses do not give direct evidence.

"2. That the world is not a piece of mechanism, which runs down by an objectless necessity, and again winds itself up blindly; and that the world is also not of a *soulless nature*.

"3. That nothing is known concerning a spiritual world,"  
&c.

. . . . .

"8. Lastly, that in German science nothing is yet certain or fixed respecting nature and spirit, the soul or body, or the possibility or probability of reciprocal influences."

Then immediately after this confession of the ignorance of German science, the German philosopher announces dogmatically,—

"True magic lies in the most secret and inmost powers of the mind. Our spiritual nature is still, as it were, barred within us. All spiritual wonders in the end become but wonders of our own minds. In magnetism lies the key to unlock the future science of magic, to fertilise the growing germs in cultivated fields of knowledge, and reveal the wonders of the creative mind—

"Magnes, magia, imago!"

We have quoted enough of our author to let our readers understand why we cannot undertake to give them an analysis of what he says, and to follow him through the tangled maze of his aimless wanderings. We rather prefer to attack one or two of the principles on which he chiefly builds, and to give our own reasons for considering all magic whatever an impious imposture.

Our author says with some truth, that among the ancients magic was considered as the higher knowledge of nature. Their religion was magic; the magus was the wise priest, who had power over nature. But when he goes on to say, that all things which were formerly accounted magical are now called magnetic, that is, that all which was formerly within the province of the magus is now within the province of the magnetiser, and that this new art solves all the symbolic enigmas of ancient mysteries, he is certainly in error. The magician of old pretended to a much vaster field of power than any modern magnetiser, even the most insane, probably ever aspired to. We can easily prove this from the *Vedas*, which are much earlier records than those which our author,



with an ignorance very disreputable in an historian, asserts to be the earliest that bear on the subject of magic, viz. the *Zendavesta*, the *Laws of Menu*, and the *Cabala*.\* Yet after this, he has the inconsistency to attribute all the miracles and prophecies of the Old Testament to the same source, forgetting that either the Old Testament is a magical record, and then it is the earliest, or else it is not a magical record, and then the things that it records are not magical. We suppose that Herr Ennemoser believes it to be the earliest magical record, since he uses it as such, but that he has not courage to say so openly; and this is a good specimen of the underhand way in which he elsewhere rather insinuates blasphemies than states them boldly.

But to return to the *Vedas*. One *Veda* (the *Sama*) is altogether, and others (such as the *Rig*, generally esteemed the earliest) are partially, made up of hymns intended to be recited by a chorus of seven priests, who unite together to perform a certain sacrifice, by means of which they profess to enable the sun to rise, and nature to perform all her operations; in such a sense, that were the Vedantic ritual to cease the world would fall into a state of collapse. Much the same was the case with the Etruscan priest with regard to the lightning, which he professed to guide. In like manner the Druids

\* It may be as well to say what these books are. The *Vedas* constitute the Bible of the Brahmins. They are four in number, each consisting of hymns, treatises, rubrics, &c., applicable to different occasions. Of these parts the hymns, as a whole, are by far the most ancient; many, if not most of them, having been written long before the religion of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, came into vogue. These deities hold but a very subordinate place in the ancient hymns, which are chiefly addressed to *Soma*, the universal spirit, symbolised by the intoxicating juice of the moon-plant; *Agni* (*Ignis*), the element of fire; *Indra*, the firmament, the winds, &c. &c.

The *Laws of Menu* belong to a much later period of Indian literature; and consist, first, of an exposition of doctrine, and next, of the civil laws of the Brahmins; their antiquity is considerable, but not so great, probably, by about a thousand years, as that of the most ancient hymns of the *Vedas*.

The *Zendavesta* is the Bible of the Parsees, or Persian fire-worshippers, and is supposed to be the composition of Zoroaster, and to date from the time of Darius Hystaspes. Much of it is of a far later date; and a great deal of the doctrine of the treatises (some of which are comparatively modern) is copied from the Hebrew Scriptures. The language is nearly the same as that used in the cuneiform inscriptions at Persepolis and elsewhere.

The *Cabala* is partly medieval, partly of the same date as the Gnostic heresies of Christianity. Its doctrine is a species of Jewish Gnosticism, with a great deal about arms, legs, &c., which may still be read in *Moore's Almanac*. Among its dogmas we find the creation of the world out of the letters of the alphabet, and several other notions derived from heathenism, though no doubt it had mixed with it a great deal of real Hebrew tradition.

Lao-Tseu, mentioned further on, was a Chinese philosopher, who flourished B.C. 604, a few years earlier than Confucius, and who founded a rival sect, though agreeing with him in his fundamental metaphysical ideas.

ridiculed the Christian missionaries, not because they knew not how to magnetise, but because they had no science about the winds and other natural phenomena.

“Monks,” sings Taliesin, “congregate like wolves, wrangling with their instructors. They know not when the darkness and dawn divide, nor what is the course of the wind, nor the cause of its agitation; in what place it dies away, or in what region it expands.”

So the Buddhists abstract themselves from all sublunary matters; not to be able to perform cures, or read at second-sight, like your vulgar mesmerists, but to attain “the weapons of knowledge that annihilate the three worlds,” and “the lamp of divine wisdom, which dries up the waters of the three worlds.” The followers of Lao-Tseu practised quietism, in hopes of becoming identified with the all-pervading Tao, the intellectual æther which produces and annihilates all things. A very little trouble would suffice to prove that this was the pretension of all the Pagan religions; the priest, forsooth, was necessary to God, who, without his aid, could never succeed in preserving the universe; the chants and the sacrifices, by some mighty and irresistible power, compelled the powers of nature to fulfil their end. At first the mystery of cures and oracles was quite subordinate to this great trust; indeed it is wonderful that men, on whose shoulders a burden like that of Atlas was placed, and on whom it depended to keep the axle of the heavens spinning, and to whom the regularity of the seasons and the winds were intrusted,—that they should ever condescend to such sublunary matters as to mix love-potions, to interpret dreams, and to write amulets. They did so, however; and probably found it easier to establish their empire on facts which depended for the most part on fancy, than on those sublime operations of nature which at first they had pretended to control.

The early magic was a much more daring blasphemy than modern magnetism, which has never, so far as we have ever heard, pretended to control the moon by decoctions of herbs, or to put an end to eclipses by the music of the tongs and bones, or to sell winds to mariners, or to cleave mountains by a subtler process than the famous chemistry of Hannibal, who dissolved the Alps in vinegar. Probably it was only as faith in these very extraordinary powers became small, that magic bethought itself of patching up its foundering reputation by having recourse to the minor quackeries of the magnetiser and sleep-walker. The priest who could not insure a good harvest, or a sufficient rise of the Nile, was content to com-

promise matters by charming away warts, and allowing the infirm to dream of the remedies that were to cure them in the Temple of Asclepius.

We will go further than this, and assert, that with the early metaphysics, including even those of Aristotle and St. Thomas, it was impossible to divest the will of man of the powers which the belief in magic attributed to it. The belief in magic was a necessary result of the metaphysical ideas of the ancient philosophies, as we hope to be able to make clear in the following remarks. Let us begin at the beginning.

Man knows nothing of the *essence* of any external thing, except so far as it resembles himself, and is capable of being reflected in the mirror of his own mind. His ideas of substance, matter, force, action, passion, causation, are all transcripts and applications of that which he knows to exist and to be done in the sphere of his own consciousness.

In accordance with this principle, we find, as a matter of fact, that the original impulse of the human mind is to attribute to all phenomena the life and powers which it feels itself to possess. To the infant every thing is an agent; so also to the savage, not in a mere poetical sense, as to the civilised man, but really; trees, rocks, the earth, the heavenly bodies, even their barbarous idols and fetishes, are instinct with life, are supposed to be agents possessing power, knowledge, and will. And this, because the first action of the human mind is to see itself reflected in all that strikes the senses; to attribute to every thing visible, or tangible, or audible, some characteristic of the life of which itself is conscious. It is only by a second act, learned by gradual experience, that the mind comes to abstract first one such characteristic, and afterwards another, from the things which it perceives; till at last, instead of the living agents which it had at first assumed them to be, it comes to know that they are motionless and lifeless, and that they resemble itself in nothing except in the ultimate fact that they, like it, exist. Thus the idea of simple existence is ultimate, not primary, as Rosmini will have it to be. It is the result of long abstraction, not the first spontaneous idea of the understanding.

Thus, at first, every thing is imagined to be literally *actus*; not merely *actually existing*, as the words have now come to mean, but a principle of activity, an agent endowed with a certain life. In such a stage of philosophy, before the human mind had reached its present grade of abstraction there could be no recognised distinction between matter and spirit. The duality of essences would be unknown, not because men then



doubted the existence of spirit, but because all things appeared to them to be gifted with vital and spiritual powers.

It may be true that the first philosophers believed only one kind of substance to exist; but this was not matter, in our sense of the term. They looked out on the world, and believed that every thing they saw had the nature they felt within themselves, and was endowed with consciousness, will, and power; in fact, to be rather spirit than matter. Modern materialists, on the other hand, after having, by a process of abstraction, cut off all these spiritual qualities from the conception of matter, and having reduced it to a system of molecules gifted with mechanical forces, go on to consider the manifestations of life and mind to be mere evolutions and developments of these forces, compounded in some extraordinary way, but precisely of the same nature as heat or colour in inorganic, and growth and digestion in organic, bodies. This is real materialism, a conscious and deliberate negation of spirit; that of the first philosophers was but a confusion of two substances, whose distinction had never been defined. If, however, they had realised the difference of the ideas of matter and spirit, they would have been much more likely to declare, with Berkeley, that spirit was the only true substance, than to give this prerogative to matter; for when they attributed spiritual qualities to all material things, they showed that the idea of spirit was so natural to them, that they supposed all phenomena to be manifestations of it. Hence, when they represented the soul as compounded of the elements, they did not materialise the soul, but they spiritualised the elements. The famous verses of Heraclitus, in which he says, that the soul, by means of the particles of the four elements of which it was composed, knows the masses of these elements which make up the world, while they attribute spiritual faculties to the elements, and therefore cannot be called, in the modern sense, materialistic, at the same time bear witness to the earliest and most universal of philosophical axioms,—*like is only to be known by like*. In order to explain the intelligibility of matter, it must be represented as a knowing and active substance, of the same nature as the cognitive faculty in man. The world is considered to be one great mind, expressing its passing thoughts in varying phenomena, which, considered apart from the mind, would be mere illusion, unsubstantial and unreal, having their only foundation of reality and of substance in the will of the Universal and only substantial mind. With this Universal mind the human mind is consubstantial; it is a part of it—*divinæ particulum auræ*. It

has the same power of producing phenomena as the universal mind has. In early days, as we may see from Homer and Hesiod, men considered the passing states of their own minds to be real entities; dreams were not transitory modifications, but substantial *idola* visiting the mind, or produced by it, and thrown off into space like a cast skin, where they were free to visit other persons. Sleep, death, and the various passions, were personified, not as beings who presided over such states, but as the states themselves, while space and time were considered to be active powers of nature. In such a state of things, when man fails to distinguish between his own ideas and external realities,—attributing to his ideas a reality equal to that of external phenomena, it is quite clear that he must consider the production of natural phenomena an act of precisely the same kind in the universal mind as is the production of any ideal phenomena in his own; that is, he will claim for himself a creative power identical in kind, though differing in degree, with the creative power of the universal intelligence.

This claim is the foundation of the pretence of magic. It is an impious assumption that the human mind partakes of the creative power of God.

A further investigation of the spheres in which the human mind possesses what is usually called creative power, will throw light on the means by which magicians pretended to control the course of events. First, then, we must separate the productions of the mind from those which we execute with our hands. In pure thought the mind has a kind of creative power, but in mechanical formation we require a subject-matter, the mass of which is given, and which we cannot increase or diminish at will: when we come to the end of our materials our work is over; whereas in thought, when we once begin there is no end to the series which we can evolve. We can fill space with figures; we can imagine an infinite succession of numbers; we can form an indefinite number of combinations of letters, words, and sounds. It is only in these spheres that our thought is creative; therefore, if the universal mind is of the same nature as ours, it is only in these spheres that it is creative; or, in other words, all phenomena may be defined to be figures or numbers (with Pythagoras), or articulate sound (with the Buddhists), or a musical harmony, according to a very general idea of the ancients.

Men who had such an idea of creation thought very differently of matter from the modern physical philosophers. With the latter, whatever changes the world may undergo, whether it is a cosmos or a chaos, the quantity of matter is

always the same, molecule for molecule; whereas the "theologians" (as Aristotle calls them) only allow empty space and abstract unity to be unchangeable, while the elements (or figures) pass into one another, and vanish and develop again, being sometimes infinite and then nothing. The *monad*, according to some schools, or the alphabet, according to others, is the seed of the universe, which develops, not by mechanical arrangement of parts, nor by the aggregation of matter from without, but by an internal endogenous growth; the elements are not given quantities, but shapes or sounds, the forms, not the solid matter, of things produced.

Men who thought thus of matter, could only define it to be number, figure, or elements of sound. Given unity and division (the *duad*), and an infinite series of numbers is possible; given a point moving in empty space, an infinity of figures can be drawn; given the letters of the alphabet and voice, and an infinite combination of sounds may be produced. And such were all phenomena supposed to be; they were either numerical harmony, or figure in space, or articulate or rhythmical sound, produced by the combination of the simplest and fewest possible elements.

Such are the usual representations of the productive agency of the universal mind which we find in antiquity. The universe is generated by the thought (*logos*) of the first intelligence; this thought is in all respects similar to human thought; and human thought has creative activity only in the spheres of number, figure, and sound; therefore they concluded that all the phenomena of the universe are produced, in the same way, by the thought of the *demiurge*; and thus they defined the world to be either,—

1. Form occupying space, generated by the *monad* or point; or,
2. A numerical harmony, or collection of forces expressed by numbers; or,
3. The pronunciation of the Creator, its elements being the letters of the alphabet; or,
4. A harmony or melody, produced by the Creator from the elements, as from the strings of a lyre.

Now magic rests on the assumption that the mind of man can also create in these four methods; as the Creator produces phenomena by producing figures in his thought, so do the magicians; as he pronounces, and his words come to have a reality of their own, so it is with the word of men. Their thoughts and words have power over matter: they can command nature, not after the slow and laborious Baconian method of obedience to her laws, but by an acquaintance with the



magic formula on which she depends. Matter itself is no positive quantity, but only a function of thought, dependent on a formula; bodies may be transformed at will by him who knows the secret of their being, without any regard to their bulk or their organisation, as if the material body were nothing in itself, but only the expression of the will or thought which it symbolised.

The universality of this opinion of the convertibility of matter, according to the will of a man versed in the occult sciences, shows how very different the popular idea of matter in past ages was from that at which we have now arrived after long investigation. The only metamorphose of matter which the physical philosopher admits is the change of one material equivalent into another; but the "theologian" supposed the possibility of that sudden and magical change which abounds in ancient mythology and in Eastern tales, where a man has power to transform himself at will into an elephant, a fly, or a flame of fire. And as to the mode in which these changes were accomplished, the rule was—find the formula on which such a thing depends, whether figure, number, word, or sound, and the use of this formula will give you power over the thing. This is the *rationale* of the divine offices of heathendom. "The ceremonial of the *Tantras* (Buddhist prayer-books) is distinguished by the repetition of *mystical syllables*, the employment of *yautras*, or diagrams, a superabundance of gesticulations (a kind of acted diagram), the adoration of the spiritual teacher, and the identification of the worshipper with the divinity worshipped." (*Asiatic Researches*, vol. xvi. p. 474.) Mystical members are employed in all ancient religions; also, verbal formulas, and written words, or even the letters of the alphabet, as in Etruscan and Egyptian tombs, and on Hebrew cabalistic cups brought home by Layard from Babylonia. The Cabalists hold that God created the world by means of the letters of the alphabet; and this system was introduced among the Gnostic sects by Marcus, whose absurd fancies may be seen in *Irenæus*, vol. i. p. 66, or in the so-called *Philosophumena* of Origen, p. 203. Music, too, from the time that Orpheus made stones and trees dance to his fiddling, was always a great magical instrument. The world being harmony, how should it not hang on the tunable catgut, or the melodious recitation of the metres of the *Vedas* through the noses of starved Brahmins?

There is one more magical ceremony, more dark than any of these, to which we must give a glance; this is the employment of blood. We trace this to a doctrine which we find in all mythologies without exception, to the effect that the world

is produced by the immolation of some great and divine being, who sacrifices himself, in order that out of his members a new order of things may spring. The world depended originally on a sacrifice, and therefore by sacrifice the world may still be ruled. But we will not enlarge on this point, as we have to pass on to a consideration of the Aristotelian metaphysics in their relation to magical pretence.

It will be seen by what has gone before, that the assertion or negation of magical power to the will of man must ultimately depend on our metaphysical determination of the manner in which the mind knows external objects. It is ruled that "like only knows like." Do we then really know the essence of external phenomena, or do we attribute to them an essence the notion of which arises not from them but from our own consciousness? If the former, then we possess within ourselves something of the essence of external things, and in so far as we possess it we have power over it. If, however, our knowledge of external things is only symbolical, derived from ourselves, then we have no reason whatever to assume that we have any power whatever over that of whose real essence we are completely ignorant. Knowledge is power: if we know a thing in its substance, it may easily be inferred that we have power over its substance; if we know nothing of what it is in itself, but only interpret it according to the rule of our own mind, we have no power over it, as not knowing it.

Now, the Aristotelian philosophy, which St. Thomas attempted to harmonise with Christianity, falls into the error of assuming for the human mind a real knowledge of the substance of external things, and therefore of making the human mind specifically similar to the Divine, differing only in degree and power. In his *Summa* (I. q. 84, art. 2), he inquires, "whether the soul understands material things by means of its own essence?" and says, that in ancient times there were two theories on the subject;—one, that of the first philosophers, "who, considering that the objects of human knowledge were corporeal and material things, laid it down as necessary that the things known should exist in the knowing soul in a material way;" whereas Plato, "who saw that the intellectual soul must be immaterial, and must know in an immaterial manner, affirmed the existence of immaterial *ideas* of all known things." St. Thomas himself concludes, "material objects of knowledge must exist in the knowing soul, not in a material but in an immaterial way. . . . Hence we may see, that if there is any intellect which by its own essence knows all things, this essence must contain all things in an

immaterial way, as the ancients asserted that the essence of the soul is actually composed of the principles of all material things, in order that it may be capable of knowing all. But this is a special prerogative of God, that His essence should comprehend *all things* in an immaterial way, *as the effect pre-exists in its cause*. God, therefore, alone understands *every* thing by His own essence; but not the human soul, nor even the angel." Here we have the admission that the essential knowledge of a thing is equivalent to a power of effecting it; and though God alone has this power and knowledge in perfection, yet a share of it is attributed to all intellectual creatures, as he asserts (*Summa*, I. q. 14, art. 6, ad 1), "the intellect knows an external object by the intelligible (immaterial) essence which it has in the intellect, in so far as it knows that it understands; *but nevertheless it also knows the essence of the external object in propriâ naturâ*." "The perfection of the mode of knowledge depends on the perfection of the mode in which the object known is contained in the knowing subject." That is, all knowledge requires a certain *possession* of the thing known in its own essence; and hence it follows, that the intellect has a certain direct power over every thing it knows,—not over its mere representation, but over its essence. Hence all intelligent creatures share in some measure the creative power of God, as St. Thomas himself seems to allow in the following passage (*Summa*, I. q. 14, art. 6, 0): "Since God contains all perfections in Himself, the essence of God is compared to all the essences of things, not in the way of a common nature (*commune ad propria*) to the individuals into whose composition it enters, as unity to numbers, or the centre to the radii, but as a *perfect act to imperfect acts*; for instance, *as man to animal*, or the *perfect number six to the imperfect numbers contained in it*." Without any disrespect for the great St. Thomas, we think we may fairly assert, that even his authority cannot insure a lasting union with Christianity for a philosophy which carries one into such strange conclusions as these,—man is to God as monkey to man; or as one, two, or three, to six. Such a philosophy does not really distinguish between God and creature. Admitting it, the conclusion is inevitable, that created intellect is capable of becoming God after a series (perhaps infinite, still possible,) of approximations; for however inferior it may allow created intellect to be, it lays down that it is of the same nature with the Divine, and not a mere representation, image, or symbol.

The Aristotelian philosophy of St. Thomas, therefore, neither did nor could offer any serious opposition to the pre-



tence of magic. It never once turned aside its followers from the search for the philosopher's stone, the possession of which was to enable them to transform substances at will, while it withheld men from that which all must allow to be the true method of becoming acquainted with nature, the Baconian induction. Ancient philosophy sought the knowledge of nature in the microcosm of the human mind; modern philosophy utterly denies that the mind is a microcosm. It is made after the image and similitude of God, not after that of nature. It is not of similar substance to that of God, otherwise it could understand and control all things in their essence; but it is similar by imitation and symbol, so that its creative power enables it to comprehend how God may be a Creator, and to see Him enigmatically in the mirror of its own essence. But the imitative creative powers of man do not produce things that have any real connection with nature; we can neither know nor control nature through these creations, which are simply fancies and imaginations; nature must be studied by observation, and ruled by obedience to its laws.

Our space warns us that we must stop here for the present. We have up to this time shown that the ancient metaphysics were the real root of magic, and that the scholastic philosophy of the middle ages is itself liable to this objection. In an early Number we intend to return to our subject, and show that metaphysics are wrong where they afford an entrance to the pretence; and that, as we have already said, magic is unreal, a mere imposture, or, what is worse, a blasphemous assumption of Divine prerogatives for the human mind. In doing so we shall have occasion to build up instead of to destroy,—to erect, perhaps, a house of glass, to be demolished by the stones of those whom we may have offended by objecting to any opinion of him who in the region of pure theology is venerated as unrivalled by Catholic metaphysicians of every school of philosophy.

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## HUC'S CHINESE EMPIRE.

*The Chinese Empire*; being a continuation of the work entitled "Recollections of Travel in Tartary and Thibet." By M. Huc, late Missionary Apostolic in China. 2 vols. Paris (Imperial Press), Gaume Frères.

M. Huc's new work (*L'Empire Chinois*, &c.), not as yet presented to the reader in an English dress, is of a very different character from his first. That was chiefly an account of adventures in lands almost unknown to Europeans. This takes up the narrative from the entrance of the two missionaries into China on their return from Lla-ssa, recounts a simple journey from the frontiers of Thibet to Canton, and takes advantage of every opportunity of digression to expatiate on the wide field of Chinese history and manners. When we have read to the end, we have before us a pretty complete picture of the Chinese Empire; but it is made up of fragments presented without order, and loosely strung together on the thread of the narrative.

The whole may then be divided into two parts. The personal adventures of MM. Huc and Gabet in a journey through China under very peculiar circumstances, and the digressions on the constitution, religion, literature, manners, and peculiarities of the Chinese. In our present article we shall only be able to give a few specimens of the curious situations in which the good fathers found themselves involved, without entering much into the second part of the subject.

Most of our readers will probably remember that our two missionaries penetrated by the north of China and Mongolia to the religious centre of Buddhism, the sacred city of Lla-ssa; then when there they became objects of suspicion to the Chinese commissioner, Ki-chou, who sent them back to China, to have their case adjudicated by the emperor. M. Huc's former work relates their travels as far as the Chinese frontier; the present work takes them up there, and relates their six-months' journey to Canton; interrupted by their examination and acquittal before the viceroy of Tching-too-foo, and various incidents which take quite a comical cast when narrated in M. Huc's humorous language.

The peculiarity of this journey was, that our missionaries found themselves travelling through the celestial empire in quite an exceptional style; instead of sneaking about in secret, smuggled from the cabin of one poor Christian to that of

another, they went openly and with all marks of honour, travelling as mandarins of the first class, at the expense of the country, and with an escort of soldiers. In fact, they had quite a new experience of the Chinese character, living now in fashionable society, instead of that of the poor and despised Christians, to which alone, for many years before, they had been accustomed, and in which they served their apprenticeship to the art and mystery of managing the Chinese.

For it must not be supposed that our friends were in any way dazzled with the honours which they received, or that they had learned great respect for the mandarins during the years in which they had employed every possible precaution to avoid their august presence. On the contrary, they had not penetrated above three days' journey into the celestial empire before the mandarin who escorted them (who happened to be a Mahometan) learned the following lesson at their hands. They were passing a night at Ya-tchew, the fourth town after the frontier, where the curiosity of the population to see the two "devils of the western seas" seemed to threaten a riot, the consequences of which might have been most disastrous, if not fatal to our travellers. They were obliged then somehow to quell the disturbance, and as a preliminary measure it was necessary to clear the court-yard of the hotel of the multitudes who thronged it. M. Huc shall describe how this was done:

"One of us presented himself at the door of our room, and spoke to the crowd a few words, accompanied by a gesture so energetic and imperious, that its success was complete and instantaneous. The crowd was seized with a panic, and fled. As soon as the court was completely evacuated, we had the great gate shut, to avoid any further invasion. Nevertheless we heard the tumult gradually recommence in the street; first we could hear the mute agitation of the multitude, and soon clamours arose from all sides. Somehow or other these excellent Chinese insisted on seeing the Europeans. They redoubled their raps at the gate, and shook it so violently that it soon fell, and the popular torrent again rushed tumultuously into the court. The affair was serious, and it was of great consequence that we should have the upper hand. By some inspiration, we seized a long and thick bamboo which we found by chance at hand. The poor Chinese imagined that we were going to lay it on to them, and they tumbled on end, and over one another, and ran off in disorder. We rushed to the room of our mandarin conductor, who, not knowing what part to play in the midst of all this scrimmage, had prudently concealed himself. As soon as we had found him, without giving any time for speaking, or even for reflection, we placed on his head his cap of ceremony, and seizing him by the arms, we dragged him at full speed to the great gate of the hotel.



There we placed in his hands the enormous bamboo with which we were armed, and we commanded him to act the sentinel. 'If a single person passes,' we told him, 'you are a dead man.' This we did with such self-possession, that the poor Mussulman took it seriously, and did not dare to budge. The people in the street laughed ready to split themselves; for, in fact, it was a very absurd thing to see a military mandarin mounting guard with a long bamboo at the gate of an hotel. Perfect order was preserved till bed-time; then we relieved him from his guard, our warrior laid down his arms, and retired to his chamber to console himself for his misfortune by sundry pipes of tobacco.

"Those who do not know the Chinese well will perhaps be scandalised, and inclined to blame our conduct. They will ask what right we had to make this mandarin ridiculous, and to expose him to the laughter of the people? We had the right which every man has to provide for his personal safety. This first triumph, absurd as it was, gave us a great moral power, of which we stood absolutely in need in order to arrive safe and sound at our journey's end. To reason and act in China as one does in Europe, would be either madness or childishness. However, this incident was but a small affair; others will be found of a far different calibre in the course of our story."

At Tching-too-foo, the capital of the province they were now in, they had to undergo the inquiry for which they had been sent back from Lla-ssa. Pao-king, a brother of the late emperor, viceroy of the province, an old man simple in his habits and favourably distinguished from the Chinese by his fairness and truthfulness, wrote an impartial report of the case to the emperor, in which he acknowledged the purity of their motives for travelling, and the truth of their statement that they were not Chinese subjects. He moreover took care to make their journey to Canton (for they were not allowed to return to Thibet as they wished) as agreeable for them as possible: they were to travel and to be lodged at the expense of the government, and to enjoy on their route all the privileges of mandarins of the first class.

From this moment the journey becomes quite a comedy: a continual struggle against the trickery and finesse of the conductors, who are determined somehow to turn an honest penny by the journey. Their diplomacy reminds one rather of that of the hoary old thief in a pantomime, whose capacious pockets get stuffed with every thing that comes in his way, from sucking-pigs to cucumbers; while their imperturbable effrontery exceeds that of the amusing individual in question. Their trials soon began:

"It was only the first day of our journey, and we already had

abundant cause to be dissatisfied with our conductor, the mandarin Ting;—we were much too sharp to neglect the opportunity. On our way we found out that our palanquins were not the same as had been shown us for our approval at Tching-too-foo. Master Ting had received the money to buy them, but he had unfortunately yielded to the temptation of keeping half for himself, and had spent the rest in patching up and varnishing two old narrow broken-backed inconvenient ones, that had nearly broken our backs already. Nor was Master Ting contented with speculating on the palanquins—he must get something also by the bearers. According to our agreement each was to have four; but our prudent conductor had given us only three, two in front and one behind,—thus economising to his own benefit the salaries of two bearers. This trickery did not much surprise us; we had long known that the Chinese are too weak to follow invariably the straight road, and that they have often to be conducted back into it; but to begin with the first day—it did not augur much good.

“That evening at tea, we told our conductor that we had made a plan for the next day.

“‘Oh, I understand,’ said he, as if he thought himself very sagacious, ‘you don’t like the heat, and you wish to start early to-morrow, to enjoy the cool of the morning.’

“‘Not at all.—To-morrow you will set off by yourself, and return to Tching-too-foo.’

“‘Perhaps you have forgotten something important?’

“‘No, we have forgotten nothing. You will return, as we have told you, to Tching-too-foo; you will go to the Viceroy, and will tell him that we will not have any thing more to do with you.’ We said this so seriously, that Ting could not possibly think it was a joke. He started up, and looked at us with open mouth and staring eyes. We continued, ‘You will say to the Viceroy that we will have no more of you, and that we beg him to send us another guide; and if he asks why, you may tell him, if you like, that it is because you have cheated us, in changing the palanquins and giving us two porters short.’

“‘It is true, it is true,’ cried he, his heart beginning to beat again a little, ‘I noticed on the road that those palanquins were not fit for people of your quality. Of course you should have first-rate palanquins with four bearers. I noticed this morning that there was a confusion at the Justice’s (their host). Things have not been done as they ought. The ‘Hidden treasure’ (their host’s name) is a man who loves money—nobody can deny it; but why push his greediness to the extent of furnishing you with inconvenient palanquins? It proves that he is very careless of his honour and reputation. We are not people of that sort; we will rectify his error, and give you good palanquins instead of the bad ones.’

“This speech was completely Chinese, *i. e.* a lie from one end to the other.”

Other palanquins were promised for the next day; but the

next day the astute Ting contrived to put our friends into a boat, and conduct them in a speedier and cheaper way,—pocketing, as usual, the difference. On their arrival at the next town, Kiew-tchew, they managed to get their revenge. The mandarins, with no very good grace, supplied them with food and lodging, and then set their wits to work to get rid of them as soon as possible. Only get to Tchoung-king, said they; it is the best town in the province; there you will be able to change your palanquins, and to get every thing you wish. Order the bearers to be ready:

“‘Wait a moment,’ said we; ‘no hurry, if you please. It seems that no one here is quite acquainted with our affairs. First, we must change our palanquins; this is the place to do so, is it not?’

“‘No, no,’ cried all the mandarins in concert. ‘How can you expect to find good palanquins in a little place like this? They must be bespoke.’

“‘Bespeak them then. To arrive a moon earlier or later in Canton is not much in the course of our existence; in the mean time, we can amuse ourselves here.’”

In short, they refused to budge an inch without fresh palanquins; which, after fifty protestations of impossibility, were found ready at the door. Then arose the question who was to pay:

“The discussion was warm; and we, though quite disinterested on the question, asked leave to give our opinion.—‘It is evident,’ said we, ‘that the town of Kien-tchew is not obliged to furnish us with palanquins.’

“‘That is spoken conformably to the right,’ said the mandarins of Kien-tchew.

“‘That was the business of the administration of Tching-too-foo, which was charged with the organisation of our expedition; but it appears that the purchaser of the first palanquins did not observe the rules of honour.’

“‘That is true,’ said the mandarins; ‘he must have kept part of the money allowed for the purpose.’

“‘Now, however, the mischief must be repaired; and the affair, we think, presents no difficulty. Yesterday, on the Blue river, we sailed over two stages of our route; Master Ting has pocketed the money for these two stages, and has only had to pay the hire of a junk; it appears to us, therefore, that he both can and must pay for our new palanquins.’

“The mandarins of Kien-tchew laughed aloud, and found our solution of the difficulty to be superb. Master Ting stamped with fury.”

The next day, however, the mandarins of Kien-tchew had their turn. For economy's sake they had lodged the travellers



in a common inn, instead of in the town-hall, as the ordinance of the viceroy had prescribed. M. Huc and his companion demanded the next day to have, as their right, a day's maintenance in the public hall. It could not be; it was out of repair; it had no less than six dead prefects in it, waiting for their friends to take them away. "Very well then, as you please," said they, "provided you write and sign a note, to certify that when we desired to remain a day at Kientchew you would not allow us to do so, because the town-hall was uninhabitable." The prefect of the town understood them in a moment; he ordered the coffins to be removed, and in ten minutes our friends were installed in the most magnificent palace they had yet seen in China. On going, they whispered to Ting that if they were not properly treated, they would wait two days instead of one. Strange country, it must be allowed, where, in order to escape oppression, you must use such methods as these.

But perhaps the most striking incident of their route was the following. At a town called Leang-chou, while they were lodged in the town-hall, a letter and a basket of fruit were brought to them from the head of a Christian family named Tchao. The military mandarin who commanded their escort, finding this packet in their room, and hoping perhaps to find some accusation on its contents, opened it, and read the letter. At this moment our travellers entered, and surprised the honourable Lu in the very act; they cried out "thieves," and seized a thick cord to bind him, when he in his turn shouted for help, and the town-hall was filled with tumult and disorder. The magistrates thought to settle matters by seizing the head of the house of Tchao, and putting him in prison as the source of the confusion; so our friends were obliged to demand a trial: and a trial they had, though with great difficulty; for the prefect of the town wished to hold it without them, while they insisted on their right to be present. After hours of delay they prevailed, and were summoned to the tribunal about midnight:

"We were introduced into the audience-chamber, which was brightly lighted up with great lanterns of different coloured papers. A multitude of spectators, among whom were a number of Christians, filled the bottom of the hall: the principal mandarins of the town, and our three conductors, were at the upper end, on a kind of dais, where several seats were arranged before a long table."

Now began the question of precedence, which was at length cut short by our friends having the brass to instal themselves in the seats of honour:

"We went and seated ourselves with confidence on the president's seat, and pointed out to our assessors their places on our right and left, each 'according to his dignity' (which is easily recognised in China by the ball of different colours which is worn on the cap). There was among the audience a slight movement of surprise and amusement, which, however, had no appearance of opposition. The mandarins were completely non-plussed, and seated themselves mechanically where they were told."

Next the letter and basket of fruits were placed before the missionaries, sent to the mandarin Lu to recognise as those he had seen, and then passed round to all the other judges; after this the accused was brought in and placed at the bar:

"As soon as he had come to the foot of the dais, he looked rapidly round the court, and saw at once that he was not to be judged by a mandarin of the celestial empire. He prostrated himself with a smile, and after saluting the president by striking the ground three times with his forehead, he raised himself up, and bowed profoundly to each of his judges. After performing this series of salutations with the best possible grace, he knelt down—for that is the position which the law of China prescribes for the accused before his judge. We invited him to rise, as we should be grieved to see him on his knees before us, such not being the custom of our country.

"'Yes,' said the prefect, 'you may stand. Now,' added he, 'as the men of these distant countries doubtless find a difficulty in understanding your language, I will examine you.'

"'No,' said we, 'that cannot be; your fears are unfounded; you will see that ourselves and the accused perfectly understand one another.'

"'Yes,' said the accused, 'this language is to me whiteness and light; I understand it without hesitation.'

"'Since that is the case,' said the prefect, a little disconcerted, 'you have only to answer with straightforwardness and simplicity of heart to the questions put to you.'

"We therefore proceeded with the examination as follows:

"'What is your name?'

"'The very insignificant bears the vile and contemptible name of Tchao; the name which I received in my baptism is Simon.'

"'How old are you? Whence are you?'

"'For thirty-eight years the very insignificant has endured the miseries of life in the poor town of Leang-chou.'

"'Are you a Christian?'

"'I, a sinner, have obtained the grace to know and to worship the Lord of heaven.'

"'Here is a letter; do you recognise it? Who wrote it?'

"'I do recognise it; it was the very insignificant that traced its graceless characters with his clumsy brush.'

"'Examine this package: Do you know it?'

"'I know it.'

“‘To whom did you address the package and the letter?’

“‘To the spiritual fathers of the great kingdom of France.’

“‘What was your object in sending them to us?’

“‘The humble family of Tchao wished to express to the spiritual fathers its sentiments of filial piety.’

“‘How can that be? you do not know us, and we have never seen you.’

“‘That is true; but those who are of the same religion are not strangers to one another; they form but one family; and when Christians meet, their hearts soon understand each other.’

“‘You see,’ said we to the prefect, ‘that this man understands our language perfectly, and answers all our questions clearly.’”

Then M. Huc went into a short digression on the unity of the human race, and the especial unity of all Christian peoples; after this he returned to the examination:

“‘We are strangers to the empire of the centre; and though we have lived here long enough to know the greater part of your laws, yet there are doubtless many which we never heard of,—therefore tell us whether, in sending us a letter and a basket of fruit, you think you were acting contrary to the laws?’

“‘I think not; on the contrary, I think I did a good action, which our laws do not forbid.’

“‘As you are one of the people, you might be deceived, and not know thoroughly the laws of the empire.’

“So addressing ourselves to the magistrates, we asked them if the man had done an unlawful act? They all answered unanimously that his conduct was worthy of praise. Then we asked Lu what his opinion was?

“‘There can be no doubt that the action of the family of Tchao was virtuous and holy. Who could be senseless enough to maintain the contrary?’

“‘See now,’ said we to the accused, ‘all is clear; error has been carefully separated from the truth. According to the testimony of the superior and inferior mandarins, you had the right to obey the sentiments of your heart, and to make us this offering; and such being the case, we here receive it openly, in the presence of all the world: we shall preserve your letter with the greatest care, as a precious relic.’”

Poetical justice only required that the over-curious Lu should have his knuckles rapped; and Astræa was not disappointed. After a verdict of not guilty on Simon Tchao, the mandarins were about to prorogue the court; but—

“We stretched out our arms, and begged to be permitted to express our opinion. ‘Since,’ said we, ‘the action of the head of the family Tchao was according to law, and irreproachable, it is evident that the conduct of the mandarin Lu was blameworthy. He introduced himself like a thief into our chamber, and covered his face



with shame in opening a letter that was addressed to us. The mandarin Lu was appointed as our military escort from the town of Tchoung-king to the frontier of the province; but as it is clear that he has not received a good education, and that his ignorance of the rites may lead him to commit great faults, we declare here that we will have no more of him: our declaration shall be written, and sent to the superior authorities of Tchoung-king.' With these words we adjourned the sitting."

What a funny people the Chinese must be, to be so easily twisted round the finger of a couple of strangers! But they could not have succeeded unless they had been fortified with the rescripts of the viceroy. The principle of authority is most deeply respected by the Chinese people; and their fear of compromising themselves with their superiors is something ridiculous, amounting to a national pusillanimity, of which our travellers knew how to avail themselves.

The Chinese character is a curious and interesting study for the moral philosopher. It is perhaps the only living representative of that of the ancient civilisations of the Nile and the Euphrates; and its intellectual, or rather literary phase, is altogether founded on the ancient and mediæval metaphysical notions which we have developed in another article in this present number: while its natural science is founded on no plan, it has no notion of interrogating nature on a certain preconceived principle; but it simply collects together a mass of recipes as heterogeneously as our grandmothers did in their cookery-books, where in one and the same page you meet with recipes for cosmetics, remedies for consumption, and devices for slaughtering black-beetles, and for mending crockery and broken legs. Nevertheless, as observers of nature, mere noters of phenomena which happen to turn up, the Chinese seem the cleverest fellows in the world. Every body knows that they knew the use of gunpowder, the magnetic needle, and blocks for printing, ages before these inventions were introduced into Europe. But they used them as individual and independent recipes, the result of the experience of some sharp empiric, not as parts of a great system, where the relative values of things were duly appreciated and noted. System certainly the Chinese have, but it is only ideal, not natural; they have woven a world out of their heads, as spiders weave a web from their tails, and insist that all life shall be conformable to this artificial rule. Hence their great respect for literature, and the men of letters, who are the only nobility of the empire, and who are looked upon almost as sacred characters,—as sacred, that is, as the infidel Chinese mind can reckon any thing; hence we may naturally suppose that this

order is well filled, and that the pedantic literati give themselves great airs,—much the same, we should think, as the learned clerks of the middle ages gave themselves in Europe. Here is M. Huc's description of the class :

“The old Chinese man of letters is very like our *savant* of former times, whose conversation was stuck full of Greek and Latin quotations. In France they have almost entirely disappeared, and a specimen cannot be found without great difficulty.—The type, however, exists in China in all its glory. The classical *savant* presents himself in all societies with assurance, we might even say with a certain vanity and pride,—so firmly is he convinced of his importance. He is the *diapason* of all conversations; for he is learned, and especially is he a good speaker. His vocal organs are usually of a wonderful flexibility; he generally accompanies his words with much action, and he loves to sustain his voice on the accented syllables, and to make the different intonations distinctly heard. His language, interspersed with expressions belonging to the sublime style, is often somewhat unintelligible; but this again is an advantage, for it gives him the opportunity of explaining himself to his auditors by tracing with his finger in the air the words which he is using. If any one attempts to speak in his presence, he listens, wagging his head in a patronising way, while a sneering smile seems to say, ‘You are not eloquent.’ When such a man acts as tutor, he retains at bottom the same *quantum* of conceit; but he is forced to exhibit, externally at least, a small modicum of modesty; for if he teaches, it is to gain his bread, and he understands that it will not do to exhibit his pride before those on whom he depends.”

For those people who feel any hankering after the mediæval system, these volumes will be a wholesome study. It will show them that the philosophy which they have been accustomed to consider as the only one compatible with faith is quite as liable to the grossest perversion as the modern materialism. Human nature is much the same, whether it gives the post of honour to the study of books, and the opinions of the ancients, or to the study of nature and material progress: the one can just as easily become utterly godless and infidel as the other; the one degrades man to a mere animal quite as ruthlessly as the other. It sounds very fine to spout against our utilitarianism, and to regret the ages of faith, when the learned, instead of inventing spinning-jennys, went about disputing *de omni scibili* in every European university; when there was no Manchester or Glasgow, with its swarming population, degraded alike in mind and body, used as mere instruments to help to build up the edifice of a materialistic civilisation, and when each sage sat snugly under the shade of his own vine and fig-tree, and grey-beards wagged solemnly in the ex-

position of a charade or the solution of an enigma. These ideas are still rife in China, and yet what do we see?

"You meet every minute on these narrow paths interminable files of porters laden with bricks of tea, pressed and packed up in coarse matting, secured to their backs by straps of leather. These porters usually carry outrageous loads. You may see these poor devils, among whom are numbers of women, children, and old men, climbing one behind another up the steep sides of the mountain. They creep on in silence, supporting themselves on great sticks shod with iron, and with their eyes continually fixed on the ground. Beasts of burden could scarcely support the daily and excessive labour to which these convicts of poverty are condemned. From time to time the leader of the file gives the signal for a short halt by striking the rock a hard blow with his staff; the signal is repeated in succession along the whole line. Soon every body stops; and each person, after placing his staff behind his back to give some little support to his load, slowly raises his head, and blows out a long breath, which sounds like a sigh of pain. In this way they try to renew their strength, and to *recal* a little breath into their exhausted lungs. After a minute's rest, the heavy load falls back on the head of these poor creatures, their bodies bend again towards the earth, and the caravan moves off to continue its route.

"Whenever we met these wretched porters, they had to stop and stand stiff against the rock to give us free passage. As our palanquins advanced, they raised their heads a little, and cast on us a furtive glance full of the most frightful stupidity. . . . This is what a corrupt and infidel civilisation has been able to make of man, who was created in the image of God."

In this pleasant gossiping way does M. Huc conduct us through three provinces of China, like a sagacious hound smelling out all that can interest his European readers—literally smelling out, for among his other observations we find the following rather original one:

"Travellers in foreign countries must have remarked that all races have a peculiar smell. By this sense one has no difficulty in distinguishing Negroes, Chinese, Tartars, Thibetians, Indians, and Arabs. The country itself, the soil which these different peoples inhabit, emits similar exhalations, which can be best appreciated in the morning, walking through the towns or country. . . . In the same way the Chinese notice a special smell in the European, but less strong, they say, and less noticeable than that of the other races with whom they come in contact. Any how, in all our journeys through China we were never recognised as foreigners, except by the dogs, which invariably yelped at our heels. These animals alone had sufficient delicacy of scent to discover that we did not belong to the great nation of the centre."



The peculiar odour of the Chinese and their land is that of musk; and we remember reading the same of the smell of some South American countries, though we do not recollect that the remark applied to their inhabitants. It would certainly be a novel feature in ethnology, if a column were to be devoted to the essential oil representative of each nationality; so that as valerian is typical of tom-cats, musk should represent the Chinaman, and (what shall we say?) attar of roses the Negro. We recommend the hint to our learned societies.

Musky, cowardly, untruthful, faithless, and altogether devoted to the present life as our author represents the Chinaman to be, it is a curious thing that he has no horror whatever of death. Nay, unlike the western nations, he will usually satisfy his spite, not by murder, but by suicide. He always meets death with calmness; and has so little disgust at its memorials, that a favourite present for children to make to their parents, and friends to one another, is a coffin.

"Persons of good family consider the present of a coffin an excellent way of testifying the vivacity of their filial affection for the authors of their being. It is a sweet consolation for the heart of a son to purchase a coffin for an old mother or father, and to offer it to them solemnly when they least expect it: when you love a person, you are always ingenious in inventing methods of giving him an agreeable surprise. If a man is not lucky enough to have a coffin in reserve, it is not the thing to wait for his last breath, but before he bids farewell to the world to let him have the satisfaction of setting eyes on his last home; therefore when a sick person is pronounced incurable, if he has the happiness to be surrounded by devoted and affectionate attendants, they do not fail to buy him a coffin, and to place it by his bedside."

We cannot do better than follow up this vivacious subject by giving the Chinese account of the origin of the cholera, which will no doubt be acceptable to the favourers of the fungoid theory, to whom we humbly recommend it. We met one of these gentlemen the other day, a learned but fanciful M.D., who has a notion that the "myth" of Eve and the forbidden fruit is an enigmatical revelation of the fact, that all the great and dangerous poisons by which the human frame becomes gradually degenerate are vegetable substances; to wit, alcohol, opium, tobacco, tea, and coffee. To these he now adds the cholera poison, which he decides dogmatically to be "an aerial parasitic plant." Here, then, is an account of the first emergence of this fresh variety of Eve's apple from the depths of the abyss:

"The first year of the reign of the late emperor (1820), there appeared one day over the whole surface of the Yellow Sea a mass of

reddish fog. This extraordinary phenomenon was noticed by the Chinese of the province of Chan-tong, who inhabit the neighbourhood of the coasts of this sea. These vapours were at first light, but insensibly increased, became thicker, and gradually lifted themselves above the level of the waters, and ended by forming an immense red cloud, which floated for several hours in the air. The Chinese, as usual, in all the wonderful appearances of natural phenomena, were seized with fear, and tried to avert the threatened calamity by the superstitious rites of the bonzes. They burned a prodigious quantity of magic paper, which they threw into the sea; they got up extempore processions to carry the figure of the Great Dragon, for they attributed these sinister presages to the wrath of that fabulous being. At length they came to the last resort of the Chinese in like circumstances, which was, to execute a monster *charivari* along the coasts of the sea. Men, women, and children were all beating like mad on whatever instrument would make the greatest noise, gongs and brass kettles being the favourites. The most savage cries that an innumerable multitude could howl forth were added to the din of this infernal uproar. . . .

“While the inhabitants of Chan-tong sought to conjure this unknown evil, which every body foreboded, a violent wind suddenly arose, which made the cloud heave and roll, and divided it into vast columns which it blew to the earth. The ruddy vapours spread like snakes over the hills and through the valleys, grazing the towns and the villages; and wherever they passed, the next day the inhabitants were attacked by a frightful disease, which instantly disorganised their whole system, and soon reduced them to discoloured corpses. The doctors turned over their books in vain, no account was found in them of this new and mysterious plague. All remedies were fruitless. . . . The scourge first desolated the province of Chan-tong, and then went north to Peking, from which place it passed the great wall, and the Chinese say that it went into Tartary and disappeared in ‘the land of grass.’”

This seems to be a truer account than that which is commonly received, and which fixes its origin in some obscure village of Thibet in the year 1822. No doubt it came into India from Tartary; but one would rather suppose its origin to have been in the swarming cities of China than in the elevated and desert table-land of Central Asia. True to its origin, it still prefers low levels, crowded populations, and the neighbourhood of masses of water. As to the red cloud—*transeat*; the date and locality of the origin of the disease are, we doubt not, true enough.

Here we stop. We have given a fair specimen of M. Huc's style, which our readers will see is rather prone to prolixity, a fault that it has possibly contracted from the author's habit of speaking Chinese, which, in common with all languages

where the forms of politeness are fixed, is roundabout and tedious. But we have hitherto given but a very partial picture of the contents of these charming volumes, and have merely sipped off some of the froth. On another occasion we hope to introduce our readers to some of the graver discussions, the more solid fare with which the work abounds.

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THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER ON MEDIÆVAL AND  
PROTESTANT PREACHING.

*The Christian Remembrancer for July 1854.* London:  
Mozley.

SOME little time ago it was our duty to offer some observations in reply to an ill-informed and disingenuous article in the leading High-Church Review on the subject of Equivocation.\* We have to-day the more agreeable task of calling our readers' attention to a paper of a very different kind in the same periodical. Since the conversions which began in 1845, a tendency to bitterness and unfairness has been so much on the increase in publications of the *Christian Remembrancer* school, that it is not often that the attention of Catholics could have been attracted to them with the same deep interest which was aroused by the earlier writings to which the Oxford-Tract movement gave birth. With some exceptions, Dr. Pusey's disciples have shown so few signs of any desire for consistency, for a thorough mastery over the elements of the controversy, or for an acquaintance with real facts, that the Catholic has too often turned away from their writings in sorrow and indignation, lamenting that so much ability should be devoted to so bad a purpose, and wondering at the credulity of readers who could follow without questioning the guidance of such teachers.

Now and then, it is true, a most agreeable and interesting exception occurs in periodicals of this class. Such an exception is a paper on "Mediaeval Preaching" in the last Number of the *Remembrancer*; and so curious and instructive it is, that we are sure our own readers will be as much surprised as ourselves at lighting on so much truth in such a quarter. We can, of course, only indicate the general character of the article in question; but we may premise that the whole is well worth the study of any one who may be disposed to turn

\* See Rambler, April 1854.



to it. The author—who, from one or two rather good stories which he tells of his own exploits in the preaching way, appears to be an Anglican clergyman—has examined with considerable attention the sermons of some of the celebrated middle-age preachers; and with hearty gusto points out their contrast with the average class of preachers of his own communion, *very considerably* to the disadvantage of the latter. Indeed, were it his sole object—to use a somewhat slang phrase—to “take the shine out of” Protestant preachers altogether, he could not have succeeded more completely to his heart’s content. Undoubtedly he has a few words of eulogy for two or three of the best men of his own school, who lived in distant times, and approached nearest to positive Popery. But even these he almost “damns with faint praise;” his undivided and hearty admiration being given to the Saints and dignitaries of the Catholic Church. Andrewes is somebody; Cosin is not to be despised; Wilson is a dealer in wooden platitudes; while as for Horsley, Milner, and Paley, they are simply intolerable; and the renowned leaders of the “scriptural” Evangelicals, Newton and Scott, are the veriest neglecters and murderers of Scripture, in presence of the Bible-hating sons of Rome. If we want to know how to preach scripturally, spiritually, and practically, we must go to Guibert de Nogent (in the twelfth century); Humbert de Romanis, the General of the Dominicans; Venerable Bede; St. Hildebert of Tours (an archbishop of the twelfth century); Guarrie of Igniac (another twelfth-century preacher); Vieyra, the celebrated Portuguese; Peter of Blois, archdeacon of Bath 700 years ago; Peter of Celles, of the same date; St. Fulbert of Chartres; and above all, perhaps, to St. Antony of Padua. Here is our reviewer’s prescription for an episcopal visitation sermon. It is not the less valuable as a piece of advice to his brother clergymen, on account of the hint with which it is introduced, as to the folly of the notion that the middle ages realised a millennial perfection.

“To any one who entertains these opinions we would recommend a prescription, which should not involve any great degree of trouble, and which may have other advantages besides the specific one for which we would advise its adoption. We would prescribe a course of sermons, say of the eleventh or twelfth centuries, delivered to synods, whether diocesan or provincial. It is curious to see how the same complaints have been made, in all ages, of remissness in supporting the faith, of negligence in the cure of souls, of degeneracy from primitive times. St. Hildebert, in addressing the clergy of Angers or Tours; St. Fulbert, in his diocesan synods of Chartres; St. Norbert, preaching before the

priests of Magdeburg; St. Anselm in Normandy and at Canterbury; St. Arnoul at Soissons; St. Frederick at Utrecht;—all bear witness to the same thing. True, it is with no uncertain sound that those charges for the most part spoke. They were not quite of the same kind with that of a clergyman who preached a visitation sermon before Bishop North of Winchester, and chose for his subject ‘The Existence of a God.’ When it was afterwards gently hinted by some of his brethren that he might have chosen a more edifying topic, ‘Why,’ said he, ‘to tell you the truth, it was the only subject of which I could think on which we were likely to be agreed.’

“Thus it is that Peter of Blois speaks to the clergy of that era:— ‘Oh, how dreadful, how dangerous a thing, my brethren, is the administration of your office! Ye are held to answer not only for yourselves, but for the souls of those that are committed to you in the day of tremendous judgment; and how shall he keep another man’s conscience who cannot keep his own? For conscience is an inscrutable abyss, a most obscure night; and yet it is this night in which that miserable priest is concerned, and about which he is occupied. ‘Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?’ What will that priest do who feels himself loaded with sins, involved in cares, infected with the vileness of carnal desires, blind, bowed down, infirm, pressed with a thousand difficulties, struggling against a thousand necessities, troubled with a thousand doubts, propense to vice, weak to virtue? What will he do, the son of grief, the son of eternal despair, who neither kindles in himself nor in others the fire of charity? Surely he is prepared to be the food for the consumption of fire.’

“Many are the thrilling passages which those old writers have when they are addressing their brother clergy; and many a lesson is to be learnt from such discourses, both curious historically and interesting practically. He would surely not be misspending his time who would give an edition of some of the discourses *ad Clerum* of English divines, from Lanfranc to Warham, tracing the gradual corruption of discipline, the gradual rise of heresy, the fuller and fuller development of worldliness, the signs of the gathering storm as early as the age of Henry V., the disregard shown of its warnings, and the final crash.”

One of the chief points which has struck the reviewer as characterising the mediæval sermons is, as we should have expected, their wonderful knowledge of Scripture, and facility in its application. We use the word “wonderful,” as expressing the impression which the fact would produce on a Protestant reader who for the first time in his life turned from declamations against Popery to the writings of actual Catholics. To us there is nothing at all wonderful in a sermon, or a religious work of any kind, which overflows with the aptest quotations from the Bible. It is one of the most natural and necessary

results of our faith, that ceasing to use the Bible as a magazine of controversial weapons, we should devote ourselves to the absorbing of it, so to say, in its completeness, into our spiritual existence. The Bible being what it undeniably is, those who are perpetually striving to prove *every thing* that they hold from its contents, are compelled to confine their attention to certain fragmentary portions, and (with whatever twinges of conscience) to look somewhat askance at those other parts of the Inspired Book which apparently favour those very doctrines which they desire, "scripturally," to demolish. We, on the contrary, are not afraid of the Bible. It is to us simply the Word of God; and we read it for our own instruction and edification, far less than for the sake of destroying the theories of an adversary.

Hence that remarkable *possession* of the entire Scriptures which appears in so many of our great writers and preachers, from the Fathers till now. They do not merely *know* the Bible, it has become a part of themselves; its words enter naturally into their language; its histories recur as naturally to their recollection as the events of the last week to a person who is conversing with a friend: if a theologian quotes more freely from one of the Inspired Books than from another, it is simply because, as a matter of personal predilection, his tastes lead him in one direction above others; just as if the twelve Apostles were now alive, every Christian would probably prefer the instructions or society of some of the number to those of the rest. Indeed it may be stated, as a universally accepted truth, that in proportion as the Catholic preachers of any age or country are thus habitually familiar with the Holy Scriptures, and habituated to their use, just so far are they entitled to rank among the most instructive, delightful, and influential teachers of the Catholic faith. The *Remembrancer's* remarks on the contrast between Mediæval and Protestant preachers in this particular are well worth quoting.

"If any one, to take the lowest view of the subject, will be at the trouble of comparing the number of references to be found in a modern, with those which occur in an ancient sermon, he will find that ten to one is by no means an exaggerated estimate of their relative proportions. Nor is this all. Modern quotations are almost entirely taken from certain books or chapters of the Bible; the more important portions, as men now-a-days irreverently, not to say profanely, call them. The ancient preachers drew their citations from all parts of Scripture alike; equally imbued with the spirit of all, it was impossible that they should quote otherwise than according to analogy. And those who more especially pique themselves on



their knowledge of the Bible, and on declaring 'the whole counsel of God'—we mean, of course, the so-called Evangelicals—would do well to consider, how and why it is that their sermons, in comparison with those of which we are writing, are so jejune in references to the Word of God, and so shallow and commonplace in their application when they quote it—why they evince, in short, rather the knowledge of a child than the full grasp of a theologian. Let us be fair, and give an example or two to prove the truth of what we say. We will take an unexceptionable writer on either side. The modern school cannot complain if we bring forward John Newton as their champion; and we will match him, not with S. Bernard, nor with any other such giant in divinity, but with a mere commonplace pious writer of the twelfth century, Guarrie, Abbot of Ignyac. We will take them on the same subject and on the same text, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.' In Newton's sermon we find nine references to the Gospels, two to the Epistles, nine to the Prophets, one to the Psalms; while no allusion is made to any other part of Holy Scripture. In the sermon of Guarrie there are seven references to the Gospels, one to the Epistles, twenty-two to the Psalms, nine to the Prophets, and eighteen to other parts of Scripture. Thus, the total number of quotations made by the Evangelical preacher is twenty-one; by Guarrie, fifty-seven; and this in sermons of about equal length. Or, to take a more striking example of the same thing. In 1784, when the oratorio of the 'Messiah' was performed with great splendour in Westminster Abbey, it pleased the same John Newton to deliver a series of discourses on the texts which formed the subject of Handel's music. As those passages of Holy Scripture are so admirably well chosen, the sermons grounded on them were naturally intended to form a complete body of divinity, and as such were published together. By way of index, the author drew up a list of texts quoted or referred to, such as we see universally appended to the earlier editions of the Fathers. It is odd to remark how unequally the evangelical preacher makes his citations. From that part of the Bible which precedes the Psalms he quotes very sparingly. The minor Prophets hardly furnish him with one passage; the Books of Joel, Obadiah, Nahum, and Jonah, absolutely with none. He nowhere refers to the Song of Solomon. To the Apocrypha, as might be expected, he makes but one allusion. The Epistles, especially those to the Romans, Galatians, and Ephesians, occupy a most disproportionable space as regards the New Testament, and the prophecy of Isaiah in reference to the Old. Now if we turn to the same index in the works of S. Antony of Padua, we find at once that Holy Scripture is quoted evenly and according to analogy. The historical books assume their due prominence; the Epistles are reduced to a lower level; and the quotations from each bear proportion to the length of the book, and not to the preconceived system of the preacher. The one point of similarity between S. Antony and Newton is the greater frequency with which both turn to the Psalms; and their most striking con-

trast, next to that which we have already specified, consists in the numerous references which the one makes to the Sapiential books, and above all to the Canticles, while by the other they are comparatively passed over."

The contrast is then illustrated by the commencement of a sermon on Advent by the "scriptural" and "evangelical" Newton, followed by the exordium of another on the same topic by the "Bible-hating" writer of the dark ages. We only regret that we have not space to reprint them here.

Another practice which the reviewer much commends in the Mediæval preachers is their care in adapting their sermons to the capacities and characters of their audience. He also remarks in them the excellent practice of making one sermon the exposition of one truth, and one only. He quotes two striking passages from Vieyra and Guibert of Nogent in support of this practice, and in opposition to the lamentable habit of converting a sermon into an interminable rigmarole of odds and ends, just as they happen to present themselves to the preacher's thoughts; a habit, it need hardly be said, eminently conducive to the indulgence of the preacher's laziness, but equally fatal to the production of any definite impression on his hearers. As Vieyra says, what sort of a crop would you have in your fields, if you sowed first wheat, then on the top of that rye, then again millet, and over the millet some barley?

Some of our reviewer's stories of the perfections of Anglican preaching are too good to be omitted:

"One is related by an eminent living prelate, who, with the greatest good humour, is in the habit of telling it as a warning to his clergy to preach plainly. While he was still serving a curacy, he was anxious to try his hand at extempore preaching, and accordingly took for his text, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' On this subject he dwelt, much to his satisfaction, for the usual time; he proved from the works of creation, from the construction of our own bodies, and from the other usual topics, that there must be a creative power, and that that creative power is God. He came down from the pulpit with the comfortable conviction that he had not done so badly after all. Happening to walk home with a farmer who had attended the service, he was anxious to learn what impression he had produced, and accordingly made some observation which led to the point he wished to introduce. 'A very capital sermon you gave us, Mr. B.,' remarked his companion; 'but somehow I can't help thinking there be a God, for all you said.'

"The other anecdote was related to us by another prelate of our Church. He happened to be staying in a country village,

when a stranger was accidentally called in to preach. His text was, 'There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night.' His sermon was very much to the point, so far as educated persons were concerned. But on the following day the Bishop happened to inquire of an old woman in the parish, if she had understood, and how she had liked the discourse. 'Very much indeed,' was her reply; 'and I always *did* hear say that it was by night the fairies danced on Harborough Hill.' So much for the preacher's description of the character of the Pharisees.

"The present writer may lay claim to the praise which Dryden bestowed on Milbourne, that of being the 'fairest of critics,' by relating a somewhat similar circumstance which happened to—the reviewer's mysterious singular plurality—'ourselves.' We had been preaching on the subject of baptism, and had tried to explain, in the most popular way we could, the distinction between regeneration and conversion, dwelling particularly on the difference between the *one* baptism and the repeated repentances. We thought, like the excellent prelate to whom we have referred, that we had been particularly intelligible; and, perhaps with some little idea of being praised for our plainness, we afterwards made some observation to the most intelligent auditor in a very ignorant congregation. 'The very best sermon I ever heard preached,' was his remark; 'I had never seen so clearly before that, when we have fallen into sin, we can be baptised again to get out of it.'"\*

As we have just mentioned Vieyra's teaching, we must not omit a specimen of his own practice, from a sermon delivered at Maranhão, a town in Brazil, of most lax morals at the time Vieyra thus admonished its people:

"It was St. Antony's day, and the church of St. Luiz was close to the sea. 'I have long thought,' said the preacher, 'that on the festivals of saints, it is better to preach *like* them than to preach *of* them. St. Antony addressed himself to the fishes, and so shall I. The church is so near to the sea that they can hear me. And, at all events, I shall have two good qualities in my auditors—they can hear, and they cannot answer. And if,' he continues with bitter irony, 'it be said that fishes are a race who cannot be converted and saved, a preacher in Maranhão must be so much accustomed to that circumstance that it can affect him but little. Therefore, fishes and brethren, I now address myself to you.' He divides his sermon into two parts, the first containing the praise, the second the blame of his auditors; every circum-

\* We can almost cap these stories from our own experience. A few years ago we knew of a most respectable and religious domestic servant, who went one Good Friday to hear a very celebrated Catholic preacher in London, and after listening (as we could bear witness) with all her might to his discourse, came away with the conviction that Father — considered that *neither* of the two crucified thieves was saved!



stance being selected so as to reflect in the most biting manner on the inhabitants of the city. 'The first thing,' he says, 'which does not edify me, fishes, in your conduct is, that you devour one another. I confess that you have your excuse in the actions of men. Let a man be in trouble, the solicitor devours him, the solicitor's clerk devours him, so does the notary, so does the sheriff, so does the advocate, so does the commissioner, so does the judge; he is devoured before he is sentenced. If a man dies, he is devoured by his heirs, by his creditors, by his legatees, by the commissioners of orphans, by the lawyer, by the physician that helped to kill him, by the grave-digger, by the bell-ringer, and by the priest that sings the service; the poor man is not yet in his grave, and he is already devoured.' Thus he proceeds; and in like manner, while lecturing the fishes for their folly in being taken by a hook, he does not forget to justify them by the hook which the spiritual enemy of man baits for his soul, and by the eagerness with which it is swallowed."

We are really quoting almost too freely from a contemporary periodical; but the *Remembrancer* gives us so many charming specimens of Anglican "pulpit eloquence," that we cannot forbear taking one more. It is an anecdote from the writer's personal recollections:

"We were once spending a Sunday in Lent in a country parish, where the clergyman was of the old school, and not a bad specimen of it. In the morning he requested us to preach, with a special injunction to be as plain and simple as possible, 'because,' said he, 'my people are very ignorant, and require the most elementary teaching.' Accordingly, we endeavoured to comply with his wishes, and hoped that, in some degree, we had succeeded. 'It was not so bad,' said our friend, as we walked home from church, 'but still not quite so plain as I could have wished. If you will listen to me in the afternoon, I will endeavour to show you the way in which I think that such a congregation ought to be addressed.' After such an invitation, when the worthy rector ascended the pulpit, we were—as the saying is—all attention, and heard him begin, nearly word for word, in the following manner: 'To those who will consider the harmony which reigns in the various accounts dictated by inspiration of Christ's Passion, confirmed as those accounts are by the antecedent testimonies of Prophets on the one hand, and by the concurrent testimonies of the Epistles on the other, it will appear in the highest degree probable, that our Blessed Lord was not an impostor, but was in reality what He gave Himself out to be, the Son of God.'"

And now for our reviewer himself. He is so acute, so well-informed, and so sensible, and possesses so keen a perception for the ridiculous, that we opened our own eyes with amazement when we lighted upon the following sentence,

uttered evidently in the most serious earnest: "Every one who has studied the ritual and the calendar of the (Anglican) Church, must have speedily convinced himself that its whole aim and design is to be *dramatic!*" The italics and the note of admiration are, of course, our own; but what accumulation of typographical astonishment can express one's sense of the inimitable coolness which could utter such a sentence as this? A serious refutation is out of the question. We can only suggest to this clever and observant writer that, after all, the peculiarities of the Mediæval Church are not altogether extinct among men. He must not imagine, because the peers, colonels, spinsters, and churchwardens of Belgravia are furious against the very mild resuscitation of Mediævalism which has recently taken place at Knightsbridge, that the faith and the system which produced Venerable Bede, Peter of Blois, and St. Antony of Padua, is not bearing its living fruits even in this degenerate city of London. There *is* a Church in England whose bishops do not denounce the proceedings of their clergy as "histrionic," while reviewers under their jurisdiction rejoice to believe that their prayers are "dramatic." Mediæval Christianity is not yet a subject for ecclesiastical archæological institutes; nor need a man go very far who wishes to "revive" the days gone by. The only "revival" that is needed is in the opinions and feelings of those who would fain be the children of the middle ages, while they are really the slaves of the 19th century. The faith of Bede and Antony and Vieyra needs not reviving, for it has never died. Those characteristics which our reviewer finds so excellent in the Mediæval preachers and Saints, he may find both taught and practised even in Rome's latest preachers and Saints. If the editor of the *Christian Remembrancer* has not taught him that the very name of Liguori is synonymous with all that is unscriptural, crafty, stupid, and unspiritual, we would recommend him to study a certain essay by that modern bishop on apostolical preaching and the true way of converting souls;\* and in the published sermons of the same saint he will find precisely those very merits of unity of subject, simplicity of style, and abundant use of the Holy Scriptures, which he has remarked in the great preachers of ancient times. The *Remembrancer* has contrasted the number of Scripture quotations in sermons by the Catholic Guarrie and the Protestant Newton. We open at hazard the volume of St. Alphonsus' sermons for every Sunday in the year, and take the first that presents itself, namely that for the first Sunday in Lent, on the text, "Thou shalt not

\* "Lettera ad un religioso amico, ove si tratta del modo di predicar all' apostolica con semplicità, evitando lo stilo alto e fiorito."

tempt the Lord thy God." As it stands, the slowest preacher could hardly be a quarter of an hour in delivering this sermon; *but it contains not less than twenty-seven quotations from different parts of the Scriptures.* If the ingenious writer on whose reflections we are remarking will himself take this sermon of St. Alphonsus the next time he is at a loss for a discourse, and preach it, with the omission of two or three quotations from the Fathers, in order not to make his audience suspect the presence of either Popery or Puseyism, we have no doubt that he will, for once at any rate, be congratulated on having made himself perfectly understood, and on having preached a most awakening, instructive, and *scriptural* sermon.

Indeed, we think that Anglican preachers who are at a loss for sound, simple, and practical sermons, cannot do better than avail themselves of this series by St. Alphonsus. We can assure them, without banter or insincerity, that they will find them far more *useful* than any thing they can obtain from Protestant sources. Of course they will have now and then to omit a sentence or two about some Popish saint, or some quotation from the Fathers, or a reference to the doctrines of Invocation, Purgatory, and so forth. The general subjects of the sermons will suit them admirably. Out of the whole fifty-three, there are only three on subjects which they will not approve. These three are on Confidence in the Mother of God, on Sacrilege in Confession, and on Obedience to one's Confessor. All the rest are on topics which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter would agree in considering "*scriptural*." At the end of the edition which lies before us—a thin quarto printed at Bassano in 1841—are four additional sermons on St. Joseph, on the Annunciation, on the Dolours of Mary, and on the Clothing of a Young Nun, which of course would hardly be counted "*scriptural*." But they might be put aside, or cut out and burnt, lest perchance any impertinent or curious eye should light upon them. The rest we seriously recommend to the attention and use of every one who, whether truly or erroneously, believes himself called to feed the flock of Christ with the pure Word of God.

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#### DUBLIN PALACE "FICTION."

*Quicksands on Foreign Shores.* Blackader & Co.

IF Archbishop Whately has not yet succeeded in converting all the world to believe in him as their "guide, philosopher,



and friend," it is certainly not from any lack of self-recommendation, or any deficient estimate of the benefits he is formed to confer on mankind. He has recently been favouring us with one of his most characteristic specimens of Whatelyism, in the shape of a volume of *Remains of the late Bishop Copleston*, in which he has quoted himself, either *propria motu* or through the Coplestonian trumpet, to the truly Whatelyian amount of *forty-one times*,—once to the extent of three pages, and again to the extent of nine pages! What, we may ask, had Copleston done to Whately that he should serve him thus?

The Archbishop now comes forth in a newer light, warning us from the "quicksands on foreign shores" by editing a novel. At least we think we cannot possibly be in error in attributing the editorship of this very wise production to any personage of minor importance; and certainly, if Dr. Whately does not edit, he patronises it with the full force of his name and reputation, by permitting the editor to date his preface at the "Palace, Dublin." We feel confident, however, that the story enjoys the advantage of archiepiscopal editing, for its introduction can come but from one hand. It announces that the editor "does really confer a benefit on society in undertaking to edit the tale contained in this volume, the first of a series which the publishers intend to offer to the public, with a view of meeting the demand for light reading by a safe, agreeable, and beneficial supply; one altogether suitable to the requisitions of a Christian community, under the title of great truths popularly illustrated." As it is not every day that novels come forth thus recommended, it may be worth while to inquire what that supply of light reading is likely to be which Dr. Whately considers *safe, agreeable, and beneficial*. We have accomplished the task, and proceed to give our readers the results of our labour through these Dublin Palace "quicksands."

Mrs. Courtney, a widow lady left in comfortable circumstances, is ruined by the villany of the family lawyer. This lady is the authoress's ideal of a worldling, although to our mind she approaches much nearer the heroic type than the saint of the story. The late Mr. Courtney left his very sensible relict, in addition to an easy competency, three daughters, Agatha, Clara, and Emily. The eldest of these, as the etymology of the name imports, is expressly designed as an embodiment of ideal perfection. Clara is a sketch of the same idea in a slightly deteriorated form; and the youngest, Emily, stands before us as the prototype of the Protestant prodigal.

Mrs. Courtney, unable to live as she has been accustomed in money-worshipping England, casts about for a change of

residence. The south of France enjoys her preference. The novel opens at an inn, at which the family rest on their road to St. André in Languedoc. Mrs. Courtney is a woman of the world, and is represented as possessing a considerable stock of common sense, yet she is described as in a condition of deep disappointment at finding that it is winter in Languedoc. She desponds at seeing snow and at feeling an east wind in that southern latitude in the dead of winter. Agatha, too, feels desperately lonely, although she has a "Protestant version" in her bandbox.

After surmounting the disappointment of not meeting with "groves of myrtles, and maize-trees beside every cottage, and people playing on guitars," the family reached St. André. Here Agatha distinguishes herself in arranging cups and saucers and looking for lodgings; our authoress apologising for her conduct by adding, that her heart was "not free from the earthly cares that had of late been more particularly her portion, but was set on those better things over which earth has no power." Having engaged apartments and a helping girl, "Agatha took off her cloak and bonnet as she spoke, and then drawing a chair close to her mother, whispered something with a half apologetic air, and on receiving a somewhat reluctant 'Yes, my dear,' took up a Bible from the table." Clara pretended that she "was just going to ask for a chapter." Little Emily, true to her infantine simplicity, "yawned." Mrs. Courtney "listened with a kind of cold respect until the duty was over, when her spirits rose considerably." We confess that we agree with the latter lady, that "her poor mother-in-law made Agatha as strict and tiresome in her ways of thinking as she was herself."

In a few days the family settled down in lodgings. But, alas! a live priest occupied apartments beneath the same roof. The story would have come to nothing if the family had hurried out of the house, as St. John did out of the bath, lest the same roof should spread over himself and a heretic. So there they stayed. But when the urbanity of manners and real charity of the priest won the admiration of Mrs. Courtney and her daughter Emily, Agatha became alarmed. "Indeed Agatha could not but admit that a person less anxious for society than her mother might find much pleasure in that of so intelligent and well-bred a person as the Abbé proved to be." When the goodness and *bonhomie* of the priest have excited a deeper feeling in her mother than seems advisable, she hints to her mother, "You are hardly up to the company of strangers yet." When this does not produce the desired effect, she goes more openly to work, and observes, "One

would hardly wish to make intimates of Roman Catholics, surely, mamma?"

"I don't see that at all," says the mother; "it would be very narrow-minded and absurd never to make friends of any but Protestants,—very uncharitable, too, to suppose there are no good people out of our own Church."

"Certainly that would be uncharitable; but I only meant there could be no real sympathy between persons differing on so important a subject as that of religion," said Agatha.

"They should agree to differ then, and if they are wise they will," replied Mrs. Courtney rather sharply; "but come, Agatha, give us our coffee, or we shall have the Abbé calling before we have done breakfast."

Money difficulties now begin. Mrs. Courtney's economy cannot keep pace with the diminution of her resources. The lawyer has become so enamoured of them, that at last they have stopped altogether. Absolute penury is staved off for a little while by an action which the reader is evidently intended to consider as one of the most astonishing of the heroic actions of the incomparable Agatha. Rather than starve, she resolves upon selling a valuable ring. Through the help of the landlady (who, in spite of her being a Catholic, appears to be an exceedingly charitable and benevolent woman) of the hotel at St. André, she finds a customer in the form of a travelling Jew. Helped by the kind innkeeper, she drives a hard bargain with the pedlar; and to say the truth, the young lady appears to have had a genius of her own for bargaining, and to have made by no means a bad deal of it.

Meanwhile, the Abbé de Fleurier had been pouring comfort into Mrs. Courtney's troubled soul, at the same time that he was meditating succouring her poverty, in a manner which evinced as much delicacy as benevolence. Agatha arrives with the proceeds of her ring just as the priest is leaving. "Thank you, M. l'Abbé, for all your kind words of comfort," are Mrs. Courtney's words to him as he rises to leave, and she stretched out her hand to him. A brilliant dialogue then ensues, and which, like the rest of the book, almost disposes us to agree with Dr. Whately so far as to account it "safe" reading, whatever we may think of its being "agreeable and beneficial."

"What a good kind man he is! You don't know what a comfort he has been to me, Agatha, or you would not look so grave. How people can say that Roman Catholics are not religious, I cannot think! I wish I were half as religious as the good Abbé." She can control herself no longer.

"Oh, do not say so, dear mamma," said Agatha; "his is,



I fear, a false religion, which says peace, peace, when there is no peace. Does it not deny us the only real comfort in our trials—the Bible?"

The elder lady, with her usual good sense, replies: "One cannot read oneself into a resigned state of mind; there are so many difficult things in the Bible that one is not always up to its study; and as the Abbé was rightly observing, unlearned persons easily fall into mistakes."

"But, mamma," rejoins Agatha, "was it not written for the unlearned and simple? and is it not, in all parts essential to salvation, plain and easy, so that he who runs may read?"

Agatha now feels that she has got to the end of her logic; and compassionating her mother, whom our readers will admit she has left in easy possession of the field, she displays by way of a diversion some of those creature-comforts which the price of her ring had enabled her to procure, and which she imagines will act as a counterpoise to the Abbé's more spiritual consolations. Agatha sighed as she produced the packages, the sight of which she rightly imagined would best divert her mother's mind. As she triumphantly unfolded "a large packet of coffee and rolls, and white sugar too," she evidently hoped that a dogma of the hated faith would yield to each fresh purchase.

"Clara danced about with glee while the remarks that accompanied this convincing procedure were being made." Agatha, however, cannot quite get over her sense of being done by a Jew. "I ought to have got more for it," she says. Then followed a little family consultation, the result of which is, that Mrs. Courtney's watch is decided to be the next victim. But the watch is rescued from 'the three balls' by the benevolent intervention of the Abbé's cousin, the Baroness de Fleurier, who, without any recommendation but the poverty of the family, succours them with a delicate and attentive consideration, which is certainly not calculated to lower our estimate of Catholic practice. The families become somewhat intimate; and Agatha, all whose emotions appear to be of the sensuous type, encourages the love of the young baron, Raymond de Fleurier. This young gentleman is introduced to us a sceptic in religion, and a *mauvais sujet* in morals. But all this is atoned for by the circumstance of his falling in love with Agatha; and, in obedience to his passions, forswearing the faith of his fathers, insulting his mother, by going with his lady-love to Mr. Marcel's little conventicle "without a cross," and suffering a portion of his devotion to Agatha to be transferred to the "Protestant version." As Raymond, however, grew more enamoured of Agatha and her book, Mrs. Courtney grew more enamoured

of the realities of the dogma and worship of the Church. In the words of our authoress, "her religion now seemed turning to a sentimental admiration of the Roman-Catholic ceremonies and so-called piety, which made Agatha tremble both for her and for the children."

Meanwhile Agatha makes friends with Mr. Marcel, a gentleman who presides over the little congregation to whom the cross on the Catholic churches is a "stumbling block and a rock of offence." She is not troubled with backwardness; and very speedily Mr. Marcel and she are hob-nobbing over a "chapter."

To Agatha's sore dismay, her mother gets worse and worse daily; when one day, whilst even the elder sister is hesitating to rebuke and warn her parent, Clara, the younger, who is a sort of mild Agatha, takes up the parable, and says: "Mamma, do you know we must take care of our kind, polite old Abbé, for we find he is very clever at perverting people, especially foreigners?"

"Perverting! What do you mean, child?"

"Why, making them turn Papists," said Clara, looking wonderingly at Agatha.

"You should not use so harsh an expression, Clara," said her mother; "for if the Abbé has converted any persons to his Church, it could only be with the purest intentions; of course he thinks his Church the best."

"But people may conscientiously do a wrong thing," said Agatha.

"Really, Agatha, I have no head for controversy, as I am always telling you," said Mrs. Courtney impatiently; "and if your good Mr. Marcel can only teach you to be uncharitable and to think ill of my friends, I shall not be inclined to cultivate his acquaintance."

At length Mrs. Courtney is reconciled to the Church; and it is ultimately arranged that herself, with her daughter Emily, should remove their residence to the neighbouring convent. The rest of this namby-pamby story is taken up in describing the proselytising loves of Agatha and Raymond, and the sayings and doings within St. Catharine's convent; and here the unscrupulousness of this writer reveals itself in all its licentious malevolence. We have two sisters in secret possession of a Protestant version, convinced of the falsehood of the religion of the Cross, but unable to make their escape. We have imprisonment in subterranean dungeons, and all the rest of the nonsense with which addle-headed *gobemouches* are stuffed respecting conventual establishments. Of course Clara is kidnapped into the same dismal abode; although why she should

be kidnapped when her mother's authority was sufficient, we are not informed. Agatha, who is of age, remains at large; and in conversations wherein the usual sentimentalities of courtship are mixed up with tirades against the Church and priests, and laudations of the Protestant version, the two young hearts get more and more bound to one another. The baroness discovers the improper use Agatha had made of her generosity, and despatches her son to Paris, out of the way of Agatha and her Bible. Clara, who has no little share of her elder sister's conceit and obstinacy, is represented as an unwilling, sullen prisoner at St. Catharine's. She, however, does not waste her time. She assists the two discontented nuns in their gropings. Agatha makes a journey to London to interest her half-brother Mortimer in their troubles, and to obtain the liberation of the captive sisters. This gentleman is a Tractarian, and so long as his mother is alive, he very sensibly declines to interfere.

Mrs. Courtney exhibits an edifying devotion in her new abode,—though her practices are evidently intended as an exemplification of the works of superstition. The severity of her self-inflicted penances at length bring on a fatal disorder; and the dying woman receives some illuminations, of what precise nature we are not informed. We are only told that she feels extremely low and unhappy; for which state, a hypocritical nun, who kept the outward profession of religion, whilst an inward adherent to Protestantism, suggests an odd consolation. "Try and recollect some hymn or text in English," is the Sœur Camille's hopeful suggestion; "it would, I think, be peculiarly soothing to her just now."

Mrs. Courtney then dies, in the soul-saving conviction that she is a sinner; Clara gets a double portion of bread-and-water severity; Agatha discovers the father of Sœur Camille; Mortimer writes for his sister after the demise of his mother; Raymond appears in the nick of time; virtue receives its reward, and Agatha becomes the Baroness de Fleurier.

Such is the "safe, agreeable, and beneficial" reading provided for an erring generation under the auspices of Archbishop Whately. We can only account for his having been willing to throw the ægis of his name around such lamentable trash by calling to mind that quotation from Thucydides, to which Dr. Whately himself is never tired of referring, and which has done duty in almost every book he has ever written: *Οὕτως ἀταλαίπωρος τοῖς πολλοῖς ἡ ζήτησις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ἔτοιμα μᾶλλον τρέπονται.* Which excellent saying Dr. Whately, when he undertook the editing of this instructive tale, no doubt freely rendered in his own mind as follows:—"Whenever any person is fool enough to write folly,



there are always plenty of people to be found still greater fools to believe him." If Dr. Whately really has some "great truths, properly illustrated," to bestow upon us, we commend to his attention another of his own favourite Greek quotations:—*Ὁ γὰρ γινούς, καὶ μὴ σαφῶς διδάξας, ἐν ἴσῳ εἰ καὶ μὴ ἐνεθυμήθη.*

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*Of the Plurality of Worlds, an Essay; also a Dialogue on the same subject* (2d edition. London, J. W. Parker). We reviewed Sir David Brewster's answer to this important work in our August number. At that time we had not seen this book, which is, we believe, attributed to Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. We had formed a high estimate of it from the misrepresentations of Sir David; and the perusal of it has more than satisfied our anticipations. The theory of the unity of the world, as all subordinate to a single orb that is the seat of intellectual and moral life, is once again raised to a respectable position in the scientific world, and a new theory of the solar system is put forward, according to which the earth occupies the only habitable space, the outer planets being either "mere shreds and specks of planetary matter," or else "only huge masses of cloud and vapour, water and air," while the inner planets occupy the region of "the hot and fiery haze," where there is neither water nor atmosphere. The region of the earth is alone "fit to be a domestic hearth, a seat of habitation; in this region is placed the largest solid globe of our system,—which alone, of all the parts of the frame which revolves round the sun, has become a world." We invite our readers to make themselves acquainted with this really remarkable essay.

We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our entire dissent from the metaphysical system of this author, which is precisely that against which we have argued in an article on Magic in this present number. "The mind of man," he says (p. 363), "is a partaker of the thoughts of the divine mind. The intellect of man is a spark of the light by which the world was created. The ideas, according to which man builds up his knowledge, are emanations of the archetypal ideas according to which the work of creation was planned and executed. Man, when he attains to the knowledge of such laws (he is speaking of mathematical and astronomical principles) is *really admitted, in some degree, to the view with which the Creator beholds His creation*;—his intellect partakes of the nature of the supreme intellect, his mind harmonises with the divine mind, &c." Yet in a note he seems to admit that God may see the creation otherwise than in relations of time and space. "It appears to be safer, and more in conformity with what we really know, to say, not that the existence of God constitutes time and space; but that God has constituted *man*, so that *he* can apprehend the works of the creation only as existing in time and space. That God has constituted time and space as conditions of man's knowledge of the creation is certain: that God has constituted time and

space as results of His own existence in any other way we cannot know." The note expresses the philosophy of Kant; the text that of Newton and Clarke. We shall have to return to this subject in a future article on Magic.

*Holy Water vindicated* is No. 2 of the "Halifax (Nova Scotia) Tracts for the Times." A scriptural, patristic, and ritual illustration of the Catholic doctrine on holy water, well drawn up, complete and satisfactory; so solid and argumentative indeed, that we regret the presence of the few pages of "smart" writing which the writer has prefixed to the substance of his tract. No doubt the vagaries of vulgar Protestantism are silly and offensive enough, and it is (sometimes) entertaining to Catholics to read about them; though the subject soon grows tiresome. But it is the worst policy to place this kind of hit at the beginning of a publication which is meant to be read by those very people whom you are turning to ridicule. You might as well expect to conciliate a man's deference to your conversation by giving him a slap in the face.

*Three Lectures on the Correlation of Psychology and Physiology*, by Daniel Noble, M.D. (London, Richards). Dr. Noble is a gentleman whose acquirements are well known to our readers at Manchester. His three lectures, here republished, give many very remarkable instances of the action of the will and the imagination on the brain, and thus on the whole action of the functions of the body. We rejoice to see these kind of subjects taken up by men who, like Dr. Noble, unite professional acuteness and liberality of mind to that faith which will preserve them from falling into the materialist delusions too common both in this country and abroad.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Hard Times : for these Times :* by Charles Dickens. This is a reprint, in one volume, of a tale which has already appeared in "Household Words." Thomas Gradgrind, a hard-headed magnate of Coketown (in the manufacturing districts), with the aid and advice of his friend Josiah Bounderby, a banker, hard-headed, hard-hearted, and purse-proud, educates his two eldest children, Louisa and Tom, on facts and figures, to the entire exclusion of tastes and affections. The system bears fruit. Louisa, in callous misery, sacrifices herself in marriage to Bounderby, thirty years her senior, and is only saved from the snares of a seducer by a timely flight to her father's roof. Tom turns thief, and robs the safe in the Bounderby bank, where he is a clerk, but escapes to die abroad in wretchedness, having succeeded in throwing suspicion on an innocent man, Stephen Blackpool, a weaver, who, in hot haste to clear himself, pitches headlong down an old mine-shaft, and is so mangled that, as soon as rescued, he expires. This dreary framework is filled in by the loves of Stephen, who, in his youth, married a drunkard, from whom, to his and Mr. Dickens' disgust, neither death nor the laws will divorce him; and Rachel, a fellow "hand" of pattern goodness, who is his guiding star. A star of the same kind is supplied to poor Louisa, in her trouble, by Sissy Jupe, the daughter of a clown in Sleary's horseriding troupe, the latter dividing the comic business of the tale with Mrs. Sparsit, a sort of brown-holland edition of Volumnia in our author's "Bleak House," who acts as house-keeper to Mr. Bounderby. Here and there we meet with touches not

unworthy of the inventor of "Pickwick;" but, on the whole, the story is stale, flat, and unprofitable; a mere dull melodrama, in which character is caricature, sentiment tinsel, and moral (if any) unsound. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Dickens does not confine himself to amusing his readers, instead of wandering out of his depth in trying to instruct them. The one, no man can do better; the other, few men can do worse. With all his quickness of perception, his power of seizing salient points and surface-shadows, he has never shown any ability to pierce the depths of social life, to fathom the wells of social action. He can only paint what he sees, and should plan out his canvas accordingly. No doubt great evils exist in manufacturing towns, and elsewhere; but, nevertheless, steam-engines and power-looms are not the evil principle in material shape, as the folly of a conventional humanitarian slang insists on making them. The disease of Coketown will hardly be stayed by an abstinence from facts and figures; nor a healthy reaction insured by a course of cheap divorce and the poetry of nature. In short, whenever Mr. Dickens and his school assume the office of instructors, it is, as Stephen Blackpool says, "aw a muddle! Fro first to last, a muddle!"

*The Poetry of Christian Art.* Translated from the French of A. F. Rio (Bosworth). Many translators murder the books they pretend to translate; but the lady who has translated this charming volume has preferred to murder its author. In a note at page 215, she says that "had Rio been alive at the present day," he would have done so and so. As we happen to have the pleasure of M. Rio's acquaintance, we can assure his translator that he is not a man of a past age, but a gentleman still alive, not advanced in years, and in the full enjoyment of all his faculties. He will, moreover, when he sees the volume before us, regret that when its translator undertook the work, she did not endeavour to ascertain his wishes on the subject; for we happen to know that he did *not* wish it to be translated without revision by himself, and that he purposed making certain important additions to the work in the event of a translation being undertaken. As it is, we can only trust that a second edition may enable the translator to remedy her error. In another page she speaks of Quatremère de Quincy's life of Raffaëlle, as if it was not easily to be procured; not knowing that a translation of it, by Hazlitt, was published in Bogue's European Library in 1846. Apart from her extinguishment of our friend M. Rio, we cordially thank the translator for presenting the English reader with perhaps the most delightful book on early and mediæval Christian art which exists. M. Rio is an enthusiast for the earlier as opposed to the later schools of Italian art; and if he now and then pushes his views to what may be a slight exaggeration, his remarks are ever those of an accomplished scholar and an enlightened critic. His style is lively, agreeable, and earnest, and it translates well. It is also a pleasant feature in his book that it shows more knowledge and appreciation of English literature than is usual with French writers.

*The Parlour Library* is the oldest and one of the best of the now innumerable shilling affairs which load the railway bookstalls. It has lately passed into the hands of a very respectable publisher, who, we believe, is anxious to steer clear of all those objectionable books which deform too many of these cheap series. Its newest volumes are a republication of "Mark's Reef" and "The Sea-Lions," by Fenimore Cooper, always most at home in his sea-stories.

*Grantley Manor, a Tale;* by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. A new



edition (Burns and Lambert). This is a new, cheap, and at the same time handsome edition of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's delightful novel, well known to the general novel-reading public, but not sufficiently so to the Catholic reader. We recommend it to every one who likes a story full of grace and refinement, and showing Catholics in their every-day life, without controversy or any of that obtrusiveness which characterises the "religious novel." It is a book to buy, keep, and lend, and not merely to be hired from the circulating library. We are glad to see that our publishers are prepared to send it by post, without any charge for postage, on receiving the price (Four shillings) in postage-stamps.

*Chambers' Journal* is a periodical to which we always turn with interest, as the best of all such publications, and to our tastes far superior to *Household Words*. It rarely contains any thing to which any Catholic will object, and we should be sincerely glad to know that it *never* would contain any thing to unfit it for general circulation among our poor. Such, we believe, is Messrs. Chambers' wish, though now and then articles have found their way into some numbers of their *Edinburgh Journal* (to which this is the successor), which have been far from unobjectionable. Its enterprising conductors will understand us, when we say that, rejoiced as we are to see their Journal widely circulated among the Catholic poor, we cannot but watch jealously against the propagation of any thing derogatory to the truth of our faith. The September Part, now before us, is as sensible, agreeable, and instructive as usual. The paper on "The Daily Newspaper" is worth reading by every one. Another, on "Lucifer and the Poets," if really appreciated by the mass of its readers, indicates a high degree of intelligence in them. We could have wished that the paragraph on Bailey's Lucifer had more clearly pointed out its objectionable features. The extract on "The Externals of a Gentleman," too, would tend to make gents and snobs, rather than to refine the rude to the standard of the true gentleman.

*Katharine Ashton*, by the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. (London, Longmans). This is another novel by the "Anglo-Catholic" lady to whose literary labours the Rev. William Sewell has hitherto so well and naturally acted the part of *sage-femme*, and who has deservedly obtained a reputation extending far beyond the limits of the coterie to which she belongs by the real talent which she manifested in "Amy Herbert." We are sure that the present novel will not increase her reputation. The general public will not take much interest in the development of that scrupulous and fidgety religiosity that constitutes the only possible material out of which to compose a Pusey in petticoats, however interesting the story with which it is interwoven. But here the story is not over-interesting; it turns too much on those minute characteristics of feeling and temper which true Puseyites are so fond of observing and analysing, and on which, instead of on acts of the will, they generally make true religion to turn. This school is as much bitten with the "organisation" or "temper" theory as Dickens and his followers, only the latter do manage to turn out of their workshops real *buoni diavoli*, or jolly fellows, while the former do not seem capable of appreciating any thing but scrupulous persons, whose consciences delight in spiritual self-tormenting. When we are out of the realms of grace, we certainly have a weakness for good nature and geniality, as the Germans call it.

*The Dramatic Works of Mary Russell Mitford* (2 vols. London,

Hurst and Blackett). Miss Mitford is one of the few female authors who have been successful on the stage; and she now, in her declining years, re-edits these productions of her maturity, prefacing them with an introduction that is quite a model of a pure English style; it overflows with kindly feeling, a modest appreciation of her own abilities, and that sort of pathos which is inseparable from a narrative of youthful feelings and incidents when related from the point of view of a person almost sinking beneath her increasing infirmities. There is something about it quite touching.

*The Royal Phraseological English-French, French-English Dictionary*, by J. C. Tarver, French Master, Eton (2 vols. large 8vo, London, Dulau; Eton, E. Williams). This is an excellent, but very voluminous Dictionary. The characteristic of it is, that all the meanings of the words which have more than one are illustrated by specimens of the phrases in which they occur. It has already reached a second edition.

*The Russians in Bulgaria and Rumelia in 1828 and 1829*, from the German of Baron von Moltke (London, Murray). This is a standard work on the campaigns of the Danube, the sieges of Brailow, Varna, Silistria, and Shumla, and the passage of the Balkan by Marshal Diebitsch. A very interesting appendix gives an account of the horrible diseases which destroyed the greater part of the Russian armies in these campaigns.

*Gymnastics an essential Branch of National Education*, by Captain Chiosso (Walton and Maberly). With the natural exaggeration of a "Professor" of the art, Captain Chiosso writes a good deal of sound sense on the advantage of muscular exercise, in order to counteract the mischiefs of a sedentary life.

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#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Besides M. Huc's book, which we review in another place, several works of interest have reached us this month, to which we shall only allude here, as we intend to notice them at length. The most important of these is Father Ravignon's "*Clément XIII et Clément XIV*;" in connection with which we may mention a work on the system of education as pursued by the Jesuits at the time of the dissolution of their order, by M. Maynard. M. Bareille has translated Balmez' *Miscellaneous Works on Religion, Philosophy, Politics, and Literature*; they are most of them articles contributed by him to an ecclesiastical review. Another volume of the translations of the works of St. Teresa, by Father Bouix, S.J., is now published: it appears to be, so far, the best French edition of her works.

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